

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 5, 1988

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Mobil
Detergent Gasoline

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Next week

FOOTBALL'S OLD PRO, Paul Brown, assembles a band of rookies in Cincinnati to resume his grandson war Tex Maule covers the first real test of the new AFL Bengals.

TUNA IN AUGUST in old news, but there is a new place—Cape Cod Bay in Newfoundland where the cliffs come down to the deep waters and the bluefin wait to grab the bait.

A CHILL WIND from the Northeast sets the tone for the story of a sailboat race in which Author Joan Gould reveals some subtle truths about the savage sport of yacht racing.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Sports Illustrated

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It began as one of those typical summer Sundays in New York: the Mets at home, the Yanks on the road, the sheep in the meadow—and the **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** staff on the 20th floor of the Time-Life Building, getting out the magazine. And then this little series of untypical things began to happen.

Sitting at his typewriter in Room 2072—an office that looks as if it had been picked up and dropped several times from a great height—Associate Editor Mark Kram was three pages into the baseball lead story and just picking up speed. Kram works in a sort of journalistic balloon, imperturbable, oblivious to all around him, teeth clamped bulldog fashion around a pipe that must weigh about five pounds. Despite his own smoke screen, Kram somehow sensed that something was wrong. He tugged the pipe out of his mouth and looked at it in wonder. Then he began to sniff. The air was pure mauve. Kram got up, put his smelly pipe back into his mouth, jammed his story into his jacket pocket and walked out.

It was 1:35 p.m.—lunch time. In a restaurant atop the building, a group of editors and writers was just settling down to the main course. Forks were poised, food was lifted to lips when the headwater came by. "I don't want to alarm you, gentlemen," he said, apologetically. He paused and sighed. "But . . . there is a fire in the building. I am sorry."

"Well," said one of the editors, putting down his fork. "In that case we had . . ."

" . . . better leave the building," the headwater said.

" . . . have one more round of drinks," the editor said

But no. The restaurant staff gently shoos out all the customers, most of them without checks—which should give you some idea of how serious the restaurant thought the fire was.

Meanwhile, back on the 20th floor, firemen began popping in and out of offices dragging researchers from their phones, artists from their drawing boards, copy typists from their electric typewriters. Production Man Wil-

liam Gallagher Jr. was outside the building before he realized he had forgotten his Chicago packet—a precious bundle of pictures and layouts that was ready to be flown to our printing plant in Chicago. He talked a fireman into getting back on the elevator with him and they both breathed smoke for 20 floors up and 20 back down—this time with the packet.

As the fire and the afternoon wore on, about 50 members of the staff gathered in a Chinese restaurant next door. The Chinese place is called Ho-Ho—and that should give you some idea of how the day went from that point. Executive Editor Richard W. Johnston, pinch-hitting for Managing Editor Andre Laguerre, who is on vacation, shuffled back and forth from the burning building to the rocking Ho-Ho, picking up information at the one place and tabs at the other. Shortly before 5 he came back to announce, "The building is filled with smoke, but the fire was confined to the 11th and 12th floors. Good news is that nobody was killed or hurt. Bad news is that we can all get back to work."

It is a cliché but also a truth in journalism: deadlines are met. This issue was put out by the reddest-eyed staff in SI history, each page punctuated by more coughing than you would believe possible. But Kram got back to his typewriter, as you will discover on page 12. Gallagher got the packet off. The researchers went on researching.

One thing didn't make the issue: the Ho-Ho menu. While taking their untypical Sunday fire break, the editors kept their hand in. They edited the menu, changing "Our Chef's Specialties" to a less pretentious "Today's Food." They lowered all the prices, added some pretend Chinese dishes and then put a title and a byline on the whole thing. "Paper Fire," it said, "by George Plimpton."

Gary Hall

The people's
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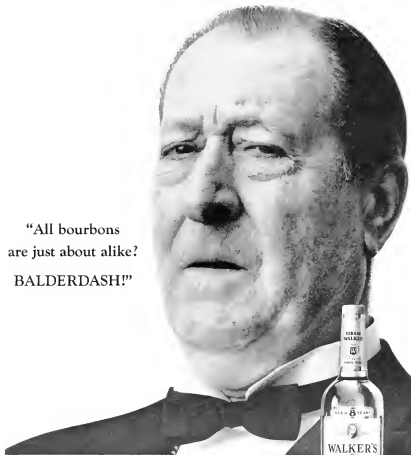
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SHOPWALK

What can a girl give a hustler who has everything? Answer: a jeweled Glacue

The best pool cues in the U.S. today are made in a garage at 15153 Greenleaf St., Sherman Oaks, Calif. There Ernie Gutierrez combines ivory, silver, gold and such exotic woods as African snakewood and ebony to make cues that more than 50% of the top professional billiards and pool players swear by.

"In a cue by Ernie the balance is always mellow," says Marvin Henderson, a Starling Open winner, explaining why he will use no other cue in tournament play.

A custom cue consists of two pieces of wood, the shaft and the butt, fashioned separately so they can be screwed together. The whole cue weighs around 20 ounces and is 58 inches in length. Each piece is cut, then turned to proper dimensions on a lathe. The task appears simple, yet its execution demands many different skills, a feeling for wood, ivory and other materials and, most important, a craftsman's patience and temperament. A good cue has to have balance, solidity and must not vibrate unduly or "ping" after the hardest strokes. In billiards, particularly, a shaft lacking "heart" will make it difficult to control the ball.

Gutierrez, who calls his product Glacue, after his daughter Gina, claims to be the only custommaker who can actually cut a cue to personal specifications. His long suit is an uncanny ability to duplicate the feel of any cue he touches. Ernie did not come by his skill easily. He began working with wood at the age of 10 in Bogotá, Colombia, where he helped his father make castanets by hand. Ernie came to the U.S. at 16 and got a job with a ballpoint-pen manufacturer. He soon tired of that.

In 1963 Ernie began playing pool. Fascinated by the game, he paid \$100 for one of the leading custom cues then made. After a few months it began to come apart in his hands and when Ernie asked the maker to repair it the man demanded another \$30 before he would touch the cue. Ernie decided to fix it himself. As he worked he became intrigued by the complexity of what seemed so simple. He set the custom cue aside and decided to make one of his own.

In the five years that followed Ernie made more and more cues, and his reputation circulated as artists like Minnesota Fats, Eddie Kelly, Ronnie Allen, Danny DeLuco and Richard Florence began to use them. Florence, at 24 probably the hottest young player on the professional circuit today, finds it difficult to pinpoint why he uses a Glacue: "In my game, the cue does the work. Ernie's cues feel like they're part of you. The other cues feel different. I don't know why. Ask Ernie. He makes them." Ernie just smiles.

continued

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SHOPWALK continued

Watching Ernie work, one is reminded that genius often consists of the ability to apply endless patience. When Ernie sets a mother-of-pearl cloverleaf into ebony the lines around the pearl flow smoothly and break cleanly. Not long ago Ernie decided he should have a special personal cue around the shop so that visitors asking to see the differences between his basic and more elaborately carved models could get a notion of the best. For several months he walked around with chunks of ivory in his pockets to keep them warm and make them easier to work with. For a basic motif Ernie chose to use Columbian silver in a classical baroque design. Some 1,900 work hours later Ernie had an ivory-and-silver cue for which he has turned down offers of \$4,000.

Ernie's skill was tested again when the board of directors of Share, a group of Hollywood matrons, was looking for a gift for an important man who had helped with three charity events. What, the girls asked Marvin Hime, a local jeweler, could they give Dean Martin, the man who has everything? Hime considered his own resources and the skills of his craftsmen, then remembered something he had heard at a manicure parlor about a guy who made a better pool cue than anyone else. A few minutes later he was on the phone talking to Ernie.

In a marriage of talents Hime contributed some precious stones (a ruby, a sapphire, an emerald and a diamond), a 3½-ounce gold bar, the skill of his goldsmith and a basic design. The rest was up to Gutierrez. Ernie worked 16 hours a day for a week on the Dean Martin cue. The design called for four gold panels inlaid around the butt, each Florentine panel noting a separate aspect of Martin's interests: crossed champagne glasses, golf clubs, comedy-tragedy masks and a tiny plaque expressing the gratitude of the girls from Share for Martin's contributions. The cue was presented at the group's last annual party. It left a flabbergasted Dino without a word to sing except in praise, after he got the cue home to his private table and tried it. Ernie estimates that it would cost over \$1,300 to duplicate Martin's cue.

Ernie's basic model is slightly less expensive. It comes in plain white maple and costs \$70. Outside of the eight-pronged scoring design that is another unique characteristic of a Ginnacue, the quality of Ernie's most expensive sticks is present in the basic model's balance, feel and durability.

Ernie mixes his own finish, using a secret ratio of shellac to silicone that gives a Ginnacue its unusual durability. The worst enemy of a finished cue is a drastic change in temperature. According to Ernie, the most damaging thing you can do to a pool cue is to leave it in a closed car.

—DONALD PLOSKE AND SEAN HOLLAND

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SCORECARD

INDIV BLOCKS A BLOCK

As feared, directors of the United States Auto Club have further penalized turbine power in the Indianapolis 500 for 1969, and so ends a time of adventure and exciting experiment at the Speedway. Andy Granatelli, the turbine man, swears he will not build to the new rule. No one else seems interested.

In another spasm of rules-fiddling the USAC directors also cut the displacement of supercharged engines of the type that won the 500 this year and increased the size of engines based on stock blocks. But they also decided that Dan Gurney's 1968 second-place finisher was too fancy to be granted the increased displacement awarded to other stock block engines.

It's a strange, strange world USAC lives in.

RENAISSANCE

The psychological trauma resulting from baseball's longest season became all too evident in New York City last week. No hitting and no pennant races have taken their toll on certain chroniclers of the game. In their desire for stability and order, they are rejecting reality in favor of dreams of the past. Under the TV log in its issue of July 22, *New York* magazine listed

8-00 (9) Baseball: N.Y. Mets
at Boston Braves.

And last Thursday TV Announcer Mel Allen, perhaps taking *New York* at its word, said, "Tonight the Mets were beaten by the Boston Braves 4-2."

O.K., fellows, let's dream it up. How about a St. Louis Orioles-Boston Braves series? Maybe on neutral ground? Like Ebbets Field?

STILL BIG

It may be true that Big Ten football is slipping but it would be hard to prove on the basis of school tags on National Football League rosters. Among the 700 veteran players in the NFL 116 played

college ball in the Big Ten. Michigan State leads with 17, followed by Illinois, 16, Ohio State, Iowa, Minnesota and Michigan, 11 each; Wisconsin, Purdue and Northwestern, 10 each; and Indiana, 9.

The Southeastern Conference ran second, trailing the Big Ten by 40 with a total of 76. For the first time in four years, Notre Dame relinquished its spot as the individual leader, tying Illinois and Southern California for second with 16.

CHRISTMAS IN JULY

Assorted Yukon dog sleds, Italian bikes, Austrian ski bobs and kangaroo rugs danced in New York heads last week, and much sleep was lost in the process. Dozens of bargain hunters spent a Sunday night in front of the Abercrombie & Fitch Madison Avenue store, the outdoorsman's Tiffany's, in readiness for Abercrombie's first Outrageous Warehouse Sale, which drew the largest sale crowds in the city's history. The big lures were a \$4,000 prefab vacation house reduced to \$995, and two \$249 aluminum boats, a fire bargain at \$20 each. The house went to John Taylor Gatto, bearded author of the forthcoming *The Adventures of Snyder, the CIA Spies*, first in line with wife and coffee thermos at 4 p.m. Sunday, 16 hours before the 8 a.m. Monday opening. Though boats and house were sold in seconds, for hours frantic but late arrivals bypassed elevator lines and raced up eight flights of stairs only to groan and curse at sold signs on their dreams. One disappointed house hunter settled for a Speed Yak, once \$285 but a bargain at \$99.50. "How can I go wrong?" he shrugged. "I don't know what it is, but it's a good buy." Two snowman types flew in from Detroit and stood in line for seven hours to purchase two dogsleds ("I've got a poodle, so why not?" one said), two pairs of snowshoes and two bobbeds. The sleeper, however, proved to be

stuffed fish of uncertain species. "Imagine stuffing it," the ad read. "Someone did." It went in the first two minutes. A real steal at five cents.

OLYMPIC TIPS

The magazine *Mexico* offers visitors to the Olympic Games the following tips. Do not leave your camera in the car; never be on time, always shake hands, it's all right to drink the water; and always sleep with your head pointed south.

THE WELL-STOCKED ADRENAL

Venting his displeasure over the tendency in various legislatures to blame guns alone for growing violence in America, a sportsman in Clarion, Pa. has gone underground. Other weapons are available, too, he discovered, and pointed out the results in a letter to the Law and Order Committee of the Pennsylvania House.



of Representatives, which is studying proposed gun legislation. The letter:

"These items in stock in my base-

- **7 guns
- **2 bows and arrows
- **1 stick dynamite
- **3 hunting knives
- **1 axe lge.
- **1 axe sm
- **1 1/4 arsenic [sic]
- **1 gal. insecticide
- **6 cans Sani-Flush
- **1 machete
- **1 garrote
- **12 steak knives
- **1 gal. gasoline

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"I ball bat
"2 hockey sticks
"I fishing gaff
"I carving knife
"If guns are to be registered these should be registered also. I think a \$10 fee for each would help Gov. [Raymond P.] Shafer."

AN ASTERISK FOR CAP?

Baseball records, to all but those very ardent fans who memorize them, have always been suspect because field dimensions are not standardized and the ball itself can vary from season to season. Now a new edition of the *Encyclopedia of Baseball* is under way and some of the oldtime hitting records are coming under very close scrutiny. One example: the records of Adrian (Cap) Anson.

In 1879 Anson was credited with batting .407. Now it is said that he really batted .331 and that a friendly official scorer in the National League office helped him hike his average. His alltime personal high was recorded eight years later as .421. But in those days a base on balls was listed as a hit.

On the other hand, Cap will pick up an undetermined number of hits for eight National League seasons (1876-1883), when the statistics for tie games were not officially included in the records.

Oldtimers may take comfort in the consideration that whether Anson batted .407 or .331 he was still a good deal better than most 1968 hitters.

RUCKING THE BRITISH TIGER

Some of the world's richest men try to get even richer at the no-limit gaming tables of The Clermont Club in London's Berkeley Square, whose 950 members, 250 of them Americans, pay 80 guineas a year in membership dues. The club is run by John Aspinall, who also has a 50-animal private zoo adjoining his 18th century home, Howletts, in Kent.

A couple of years ago two Arab sheiks, soaked in oil, no doubt, gained admittance to the club, gambled for a few nights, and one lost about £120,000, the other about £70,000. Their checks made a slow passage to their Middle Eastern banks and returned swiftly because of insufficient funds.

Word got around and there were rumors that the club was insolvent, and

even recently a report of impending bankruptcy appeared in a New York society column. But the Clermont is sturdier than that. Aspinall, a voluble, bouncy, tall blond man of about 40 who wears eye-catching, bushy Edwardian sideburns, covered the losses, and the dice rolled as usual. He is, in fact, planning a rather special gala fall reopening after the usual August vacation. His favorite tiger, Zemo, will be there—caged.

NOME RUNS ITALIAN STYLE

When the Washington Senators' huge Frank Howard was at Ohio State one of his best friends was Steve Molaro, with whom he played baseball. After graduation Steve turned to high school teaching and coaching in Chicago, but during summer vacation he became the jockey of a garbage truck. Howard stayed with the Molaro family when in Chicago and often rode to the ball park in Steve's truck. When he had a bad day his teammates would accuse him of riding in the back; when he had a good day they would say riding in the garbage truck made him stronger.

Well, Frank had some awfully good days in Chicago, and now it turns out that Mama Molaro should be given credit. Howard hit two home runs in one game after eating a record quantity of her "pastafazool." Full of Italian home cooking during another three-game series, Howard had nine hits, including four home runs, and 11 runs batted in. This summer Howard has been even better, leading the major leagues in home runs—and it has to be the cooking. Steve Molaro now drives a truck for a cleaner.

THEY SAID IT

- Dick Williams Boston Red Sox manager, asked what is the difference between last year's Red Sox and this season's: "The Detroit Tigers."
- Weeb Ewbank, New York Jets coach, when Lee White, his No. 1 draft pick, demanded not only \$80,000 but another \$20,000 if he makes the 40-man squad: "You'd think that for \$80,000 it's reasonable to expect a man will make the squad."
- Lee Trevino, U.S. Open winner, explaining why he may sponsor Arnold Salinas, a Dallas amateur, on the pro tour next year: "Arnold is the greatest putter in the world. He's better than I am—and I'm the best."

THE BLACK ATHLETE: An editorial

In the past five weeks this magazine has devoted many pages to the publication of Jack Olsen's remarkable series, *The Black Athlete—A Shameful Story*, a series that has produced a greater reader response than any other story, or group of stories, in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* 14-year publishing history. This response has been overwhelmingly favorable, but approval or disapproval was never really our primary concern. At a time of pervasive racial crisis in America we felt there no longer was room for the complacency that until now has characterized the world of sport. By exposing the false assumptions on which that complacency was based, we believed we might open a way toward correction of some of the abuses to which the black athlete has been subjected.

In one of the nearly 1,000 letters the series has thus far elicited, the writer—a resident of the state of Washington—said: "I hope that something will be done. It will require a change in attitude and a willingness to change." We now dare to hope, on the basis of the quality as well as the quantity of the reader mail, that such a change not only is possible but is under way. A white mother wrote from Florida: "Thank you for helping the whites to understand the black athlete." A professor at UCLA said: "We can only help each other by understanding each other and we have to teach each other what it means to be black or white. I think your article is a wonderful beginning." A New Yorker wrote "Thank you for jolting me out of dreamland into reality."

There were, of course, a few flat denials of the validity of Olsen's theme, as well as a trickle (but only a trickle) of irrational "hate" mail. One angry correspondent proposed that we do a series on the problems of a girl at a boys' school, a boy at a girls' school (these are problems?) and a white at a Negro school. Our favorite is the reader who wonders how SI could "so far forget its function and place." Sorry, boss.

Many writers were so thoughtful—and too deeply concerned—to be categorized easily as "for" or "against." The bulk of conditional dissent came from those who felt that white scholarship athletes suffer the same disabilities as black ones (they suffer some of them,

but to a lesser degree, and others not at all). Bemoaning the inadequacy of primary and secondary education and the social wrongs inflicted in the ghetto, one writer asked: "Can you really expect a university athletic department to atone for those pre-college years?"

The majority of our correspondents recognized the Olsen series for what it was: a first step, a beginning. "What happens next?" they asked. "Where do we go from here? What can be done to help?" A substantial number tried to answer these questions with solutions of their own. The most extreme—a real baby-with-the-bath-water plan—was simply to abolish all athletic scholarships. Obviously, a school cannot exploit a Negro who isn't there. A more realistic suggestion came from an Army sergeant now stationed in Ohio: "If our institutions of higher learning wish to recruit deprived Negroes and exploit them in sports, then they should be prepared to give them the special educational treatment they require."

It should be pointed out to the athlete that failure on his part to enroll in these special classes and maintain a required standard will be cause for his dismissal from the institution. A woman from Columbus, Ohio submitted a remarkable and detailed student-to-student counseling and tutorial plan that could become part of an ultimate solution (19th Hole, page 67).

Some readers couldn't wait to act. As noted in an earlier issue, Bill Fromm of Kansas City organized the Black Athletes Fund to help disadvantaged Negro high school students only hours after the appearance of Olsen's first article, *The Crowl Deception*. Since then other groups have been formed with similar missions.

Valuable as such contributions are, they cannot confront the whole problem, a task that ultimately lies with the college and professional sports establishments. It lies there for a very good reason: that's where something can be done, not sometime but immediately. If sport is unable to clean up the country—and certainly housing, primary education, slum rehabilitation and the revitalization of the ghetto are not in its immediate province—is surely can start right now to clean up its own house.

How? Let us begin with the universities and colleges. Most are governed by the

National Collegiate Athletic Association, which has fairly stern rules on aid to athletes. But the NCAA rules do not forbid the extension of scholarships beyond eligibility, nor do they forbid the provision of expert counseling and tutoring service for athletes—black or white—whose inadequate preparation or practice-field duties doom them to Mickey Mouse courses or put them far behind their fellow students. The NCAA has no rule that says a university cannot guarantee a scholarship athlete a fair chance at a degree. It has no rule that says the scholastic problems of the athlete are the sole concern of the athletic establishment, nor does it post a KEEP OFF sign for the academic community. Any university or college can establish such programs at will.

Are there impediments? Of course. One is that these reforms will cost money. They sure will—but, as any manufacturer can tell any college president or athletic director, since 1863 it has not been considered acceptable in the U.S. to make profit margins dependent on the labor of slaves. Sport has increased the opportunities for the Negro to go to college. It must now make certain that what is inside that open door is more than a basketball court, a football play book—and a fast exit to oblivion.

As for professional sport, it must recognize that racism, on the field and off—subconscious, subtle or overt—still exists and that it must be stamped out. This is not only the right thing to do but, as Green Bay's Vince Lombardi has demonstrated so spectacularly, it is the efficient thing to do. It is good business. Beyond that, black men who are finished as athletes must be given opportunities as coaches or in the administrative structure that surrounds both professional and college sport.

Every Negro athlete is a potential messenger from the white world to the ghetto—a messenger who can help bridge the insurmountable communications gap that exists today. Sport and the universities and business must all ask: What news do we want these messengers to deliver? News that in this field, at least, a black man is recognized as a man, that exploitation has been replaced by human consideration and that equality is more than just a word? Or do we want the message to be, burn, baby, burn?

The choice is ours and—as Prentice Gault said in the last article of the Olsen series—"The change should start today. Not tomorrow. Today."

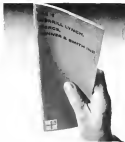
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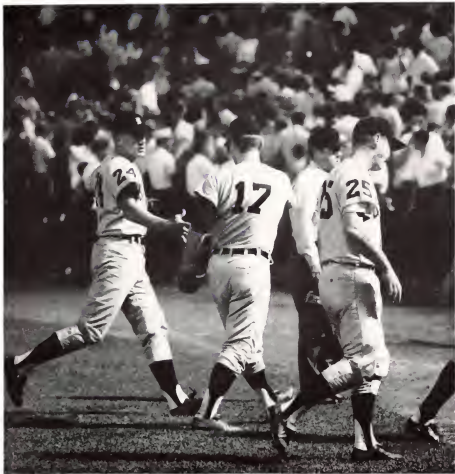
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ARMAGEDDON



Adreary season, full of zeroes on the scoreboard and ciphers on the field, finally came alive when Baltimore got a new manager and a shot at the Tigers. But when it was over, the Orioles had failed again **by MARK KRAM**

FOR A PENNANT RACE



Summer, it seemed, always crawled in from the bay, floating out of the open hearths of all the offshore steel mills, or maybe, you guessed, it came by a freighter from some white-heat place like Ceylon or Sumatra. No matter, the cool pale sunlight of spring was gone, and now the water of the bay was a sickly brown and the smell of it drifted through the cathedral quiet of afternoon streets and blended with a certain staleness coming from corner saloons with their doors open. There, inside, working men sat silently under ceiling fans and in front of fat, beaded glasses of beer.

If you were a kid in Baltimore then, summer with all its oppressions was a special time. A time for swimming off a pier a few blocks away and then splitting a watermelon against a fire hydrant; or just a time to sit in the cool dark of a dirt cellar and watch a spider work across a dusty window, or maybe ponder the strange language of box scores under white steps. Then as night fell, a time for just lying in a dark bedroom, listening to the clang of streetcars and exploring the neighborhood news.

"Who was that guy on the corner today?" asked a younger brother, his eyes watching welding torches flicker in a shipyard across the harbor.

"He was a baseball player, a professional."

"He said he was released."

"That means he woke up one day and they told him to go home, and that they didn't want him."

"Is he still a player?"

"No, he'll have to work in a factory now."

Thus July in Baltimore summer was still summer. Desert quiet hung over the neighborhood streets in the afternoon.

The painted screens of the row houses, with their dreams of running brooks and country green, were still there, people sat on their front steps supremely content with the order of their lives, and attendance at Oriole games, an ageless civic embarrassment, again revealed apathy and disinterest in this old, old baseball town. The Orioles, in second place, were third from the bottom in league attendance. This fact disturbed the Mayor. It disturbed the Orioles even more.

During the All-Star break, the club fired Hank Bauer and replaced him with Earl Weaver. Who the hell was Earl Weaver? The name sounded as if it belonged on a record jacket with Flatt and Scruggs or maybe playing third guitar in some Alabama roadhouse. Forget the name. A faceless fungo-hitting coach for the Orioles with a politician's mind, Weaver was doing what he said he would do: "Make things happen." The club won 11 of 15 games under Weaver (including three of four from Detroit and two of three from Cleveland) and chopped Detroit's 9½-game lead to 3½ games. Last weekend the Orioles and the American League, shrouded in dreariness and mediocrity, prepared for a series with the Tigers at Memorial Stadium.

The history of the Tigers portended a dramatic change in the league standings. Sprint and then fold, that had long been a part of the Tigers' pattern. Detroit had dropped four of seven games the previous week and collapse was imminent. Could the Tiger pitching, with its front line inconsistent and its bullpen sorely burdened, remain unshaken? Could the Tiger attack continue to produce in the late innings? The defense usually kept Detroit in striking position. And what about Manager Mayo Smith, who had

continued

Baltimore's challenge thrown back again, the Tigers march off behind Manager Mayo Smith, the happy order disrupted only by congratulations for Denny McLain (13), who won his 20th game

been handling the team with such painful bookishness?

Baltimore, for which Redskin Owner George Marshall long ago predicted baseball failure because it was just a town full of 52 horseplayers, leaped out of its catatonic state. What was Weaver doing with the club? Certainly, he was not holdly improvising, nor was he arriving at mysterious or esoteric deductions that win games. "No great changes," said Weaver, completing his change into uniform before the first Tiger game. Outside his office, a song on the radio lamented: "I had the last walk with you." Curt Blefary shouted across the room: "Hell, I'd rather look for a Mongolian ant than a ticket for tonight in this town!" Weaver fingered his lineup card, checked a statistic and said: "No, nothin' great. You just got to accept a player's incapacities."

His attitude was polite, an attitude that never puts you in a position of having to haunt winter meetings for a job. Weaver did not wish to detract, neither with chisel nor ax, from Bauer's performance, but the facts did it for him. Don Buford, the kind of player who always gives a club an edge because of his speed and approach to the game, never played much under Bauer. Though a

fielder who occasionally seems to wear handcuffs, Buford is a respectable hitter, but Bauer insisted he could not find room for him in the lineup, with a quick flourish of a pencil, Weaver found a vacancy. He deleted Paul Blair, who had been a good hitter but who had suddenly become so obsessed with pulling the ball that his average had fallen to .196. The move ignited the Orioles, Buford's bat and base running, besides bringing results, altered the club visually.

Bauer had waited all season for Baltimore's big bats—Blefary, Blair, Boog Powell, Frank and Brooks Robinson—to erupt, but they remained silent. Indeed they had been silent since June of last season. Bauer had appeared to be protecting himself, his job, at that point. Frank Robinson openly accused the team of complacency. "How about that?" Bauer was asked then. "That's his prerogative," replied Bauer. What if all 25 players said the same thing? "That's their prerogative," said Bauer. "But I'll tell you this. If they use my name I'll have a comeback."

Unfortunately, Bauer had not thought of any comeback as to why the club was not moving. Oriole hitting, this season, has ranged from sporadic to none at all, but Bauer, in a precarious po-

sition after the management did not renew the contracts of three of his coaches last year, remained static. Finally when he did bend it was not in the direction of dramatic solutions. For instance, he was in one particular groove concerning the hunt. When the man in front of Powell would get on base (no outs), Powell would often be ordered to bunt, thus taking the bat out of the hands of the one man who can make a sizable difference in any game.

Bauer just never could adjust to the fact that he no longer had the firepower that allowed him to win the 1966 pennant by nine games. Aloof and incommunicative, he was never on solid ground with the Oriole writers and such a relationship can be acutely damaging to a club with a gate problem. The writers scrutinized every Bauer move. He was, some ultimately decided, alternately a "give-up artist," no manager at all, or a manager with a depressing lack of imagination.

Weaver, who had never been close to Bauer and may even have been resented by the manager because it was obvious he was not just there to hit fungoes and listen to the complaints of players, stepped into the job as if he had been waiting for it for half a century.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEVIN MAZUR



Most symbolic play in the Oriole losses came when their great holding third baseman, Brooks Robinson, threw wild to let Dick McAuliffe score.

He had been quiet and anonymous as a coach, but now he unmasked himself. The star fundamentalist and judge of baseball talent in the Oriole farm system suddenly became quite loquacious—with a proper amount of ego. "Nobody knows any more about ballplayers in the minors than I do," he says. "Give me the expansion list and I would finish no lower than third." And, "People use only 2" of their minds. Can't you imagine how exciting it would be if we could get that up to 3", 4"?"

The Orioles may or may not have expanded their concentration, but the club suddenly came alive, running and thinking of 19 ways to beat you. It was the kind of baseball Baltimore has always embraced and has romantically professed to embrace, the kind of baseball that began with the Orioles of the '50s two balls, for faster relays, hidden in the long grass, a finger inside a runner's belt to destroy his stride, the raised third-base line to help the other team's hunters roll foul; players somberly silent just sitting in the dugout filing their spikes. "Hooliganism and muckiness," critics contended.

Hellfire baseball, mutinied chopped historians called it then, but Weaver seemed intent on applying its esprit, its ambition to the limitations of a more contemporary, decorous time. He has imagination and flexibility, and maybe that is because he has had to employ both, first as an undistinguished minor league vagrant and then as the brilliant, frustrated figure in the Oriole brain trust. Weaver, of course, denies like a good company man that he had ever dreamed, ever thought of anything but the job he was doing. One listens in him and wonders, "Can't anybody here in this game be something other than a card fed into an IBM machine, be human, be bigger than the game's petty politics?"

But this is the ambivalence of Weaver, and, on a larger screen, of baseball itself. He has the technical talent and personal presence to be a major and successful figure in baseball, but his mental reflexes, so long honed for survival, suffocate his freshness and sometimes make him just another body in the game's overpopulated mausoleum. His background, from kid to player to manager, still promises a reformation in Baltimore baseball and its box office. It too often had been retarded by its managers: the high priest of country drummers, Jim-

mie Dykes, the weekend barbecue host, Billy Hitchcock, and finally the insecure Bauer. Only Paul Richards, pragmatic and glacial, inspired attention, most of which was beautiful contentment.

Weaver spent 10 years as a player in the minor leagues, during a time when some ball yard lights were hardly candles, and when the bus trips were long and lonely and you woke up in the morning (just as that half-light fell on some speck of a farm town that quickly faded into a gray blur) and tasted bus fumes for breakfast. He knew what it was, how it felt to walk through the heavy air of a dugout and see his name not in the lineup and feel emptiness move from the head down to his legs and then back up through the mouth. "Christ, they'll be sending me home, I know that." Earl Weaver had always been that kind of player, the kind who ended up on a street corner groping for a new way to say, "I was released."

So here was the scene and the man who had created—much because of the torpor of the season and a league without a folk hero—an excellent, small Armageddon in July. Detroit came to Baltimore 5½ games in front, but, according to many, raining scared. The night was still, the saloons and outdoor barbecues both deserted.

Entreating billboards, prodding the hurglers to respond, were erected, and because of the rush of box-office business window bureaucrats had a chance to be surly for a change. Buses motored about town with signs reading *SALE THE BEST PLAYS IN TOWN*. Sadly, such plays were outside of the stadium, like in a backyard nearby, where a guy caught growing marijuana claimed he was nurturing poppies for the Veterans of Foreign Wars. Or on the street where the cops came barreling down to bust a place, only to be blocked by a gin running game in the middle of the street.

Detroit just simply blew the Orioles out of the park. The Orioles got pitching in the first game, but no effective hitting. Nobody did any hitting or pitching for Baltimore in the second game as the Tigers, behind Denny McLain, all but obliterated the American League race. "I don't mind losing," said Weaver, following the game, "but after building up all this interest and then to lose 9-0 in front of 45,000 people?" The Orioles did win the third game, but it was hardly pleasing.



A sign read "Get Behind the Buses" but an arty first man made Weaver face defeat.

Weaver's concern was not difficult to understand. Baltimore is a "chalk player" of a town, and its fans are not particularly "baseball bright." A team, challenging and respectable, only means problems, makes them wonder if they will be missing something while they sit on their steps or in their backyards and on their lawns inhaling the fragrance of the bay and the spiciness of the *Café-louie* night, the blue crab. Yet now, in one week, it has become a dreary summer all over again in Baltimore. The crab harvest is down, the Gayety, Baltimore's national monument to burlesque—is padlocked until autumn, and suddenly you feel that there never was a time when you watched welding torches flicker across the harbor and felt sad over 195 hitters who never made it. The Orioles tried to make it a special Baltimore summer, but working like Hollywood producers on the edge of excellence, "they caught themselves just in time."

END

'HE'S MAYBE JUST A LITTLE MEAN'

That's Nevele Pride, the wonder colt of trotting whose twin goals are a victory in The Hambletonian and the maiming of anyone within reach. He may be the finest trotter, biter and kicker ever foaled

by PAT PUTNAM

There wasn't much suspense, at least not over which of the eight 3-year-old trotters on the track was going to win the Founders Gold Cup. The Saturday night crowd at Vernon Downs in upstate New York managed to scrape up \$25,166 in betting money, and the hulk of it was plunked down on Nevele Pride (see cover), which was sensible, but at a 5c return on the dollar not all that rewarding. Nevele (rhymes with rev-elle) Pride vs. the clock was the attraction. After all, wasn't he being touted as the greatest trotter in history? And wasn't he a cinch to win the Hambletonian on August 25? O.K., then, let's see something—like a track record, for instance.

"What is the track record, anyway?" Stanley Dancer, the slender, pleasant millionaire who drives and trains the wonder colt for Nevele Acres and Louis Resnick, asked an hour before the race. A track official reported that the trotting record was 1:59½ for a race, 1:59 for a time trial. "It's much too cool for anything like that," Dancer said. "But there is a lot of speed in the race. Right now I'd say two minutes will do it."

It was late July, but by nightfall the temperature at Vernon Downs was dipping into the low 50s, and Dancer was about to tuck his whip under his left arm and set off in search of a woolen sweater and a warming cup of coffee. Just a few feet away, Nevele Pride, his more docile rivals safely separated from him by two empty stalls in the paddock shed, was trying to growl his way through the two thin steel cross-chains holding his head in check. Failing in this, he settled for glaring angrily at the people passing his stall.

"He looks mean as hell," said a horseman, "but if you can just sneak him out of that stall for five minutes, I'll run and get my mare."

Andy Murphy, the groom who should be awarded a battle star for every trip into Nevele Pride's stall, looked up and laughed. "He's not mean," Murphy said.

"It's just that he's been up since 10 this morning, and he misses his afternoon nap. He takes a nap every day but race day. When he knows he's going to race—and he knows—he stays up, getting, well, maybe just a little mean. But if you think he looks mean now, just wait until after the race. He looks like he wants to kill somebody. Which he does. But that only lasts for 10 or 15 minutes and then he settles right down."

"That's the only time he's hard to drive," said Dancer. "Going into the winner's circle. You had better get that sulky unhooked in a hurry before he starts kicking. Then you have to keep an eye on him to see he doesn't bite or kick the people around him. He's a terror in that winner's circle. But he's not a vicious horse, just one that's high-strung. He's like a big kid, real frisky, full of energy and spirit."

Andy Murphy rubbed a hand across his mouth, washing away the makings of a grin. On his left forearm, the 43-year-old ex-dairy farmer carries a scar the size and shape of a half-dollar. And while there is no scar on his right hand, there should be. A year ago, while coming in after a workout, the big, frisky kid clamped his teeth into the groom's right thumb and lifted him from the ground. Murphy weighs 170 pounds. "He just held me up there, dangling and cursing. There was another groom with me. He took one look and run off. He told me later that he didn't know what to do, so he left," Murphy shook his head. "When he got ready Pride let me down. He hadn't even broken the skin, except in one little place. But that thumb was swollen for two weeks. Hurt like hell, too."

Murphy is Nevele Pride's third groom. The horse worked his way through the first two in less than six months. "I shuddered the day Stanley called me in and said I was next," Murphy said. "I knew what he had done to the others. But I decided right off that I wasn't going to fight with him. And I haven't. You fight with him, he just fights you back. Of course, every day I give him a good cursing or two. And I got real mad the day he grabbed my \$90 wristwatch and crushed it with his teeth. But we get along. I never take my eye off him for a second. You do that, he's got you. And when I raise my voice he knows I'm on the verge of getting a shillelagh and he settles down. Most of the times he grabs you he lets right go. He's just teasing."

Dancer thought again of the sweater and started to leave, but he turned back when John Wood, the 72-year-old ex-jockey who serves as the colt's night watchman, began to edge a training sulky into the stall. Wood worked his way around behind the horse, began leaning the sulky against the rear wall. "John, get out of there," Dancer yelled. "One of these days you're going to do that and he's going to kick you right through the partition. Get out of there."

It is Wood's duty each night to place a cot in front of Nevele Pride's stall door and there to be until dawn, guarding against whatever evils might seek out a horse that last year won 26 of 29 races and \$222,923—record earnings for a 2-year-old—and was the first juvenile ever to be voted Horse of the Year and this year has won eight races worth another \$130,000. "I know Stanley thanks I'm old and I can't get out of the way," Wood grumbles. "But if that horse hasn't kicked me by now he's never gonna. He's sure had plenty of chances."

Murphy thinks the secret to Wood's evident good health is the chewing to-



Nevele Pride kicks at driver Dancoo after record race as groom Andy Murphy and owners Julius Shelsky and Louis Weisack complete victory tableau.

bacco he uses nightly to bribe Nevele Pride. The horse will eat just about anything handed him, including fingers, and especially enjoys sandwiches, doughnuts and beer. "I even seen him eat a filter cigarette once," swears Murphy. "He ate all the tobacco, then he spit out the filter."

At last came the call for the sixth race, and Dancoo, engulfed in a bulky woolen sweater, began the long walk from the paddock to the track. Behind him came Nevele Pride, led by Wood, acting no less pleasant than any of the other horses in the file. "Don't let that fool you," said Murphy from behind the sulky, holding tightly to the reins. "That just means he's ready to race. It's all bottled up inside, and he'll take it out on the track. That's good."

Nevele Pride is the color of deep mahogany, but under the track lights he

looks black. Black and powerful. He stands no more than 15½ hands, which is not exceptional for a harness horse, but he packs 1100 muscular pounds, and next to him the others looked like greyhounds.

As Dancoo climbed into the sulky and drove Nevele Pride onto the track, the people in the stands roared and pressed forward, as other people have pressed forward to see a Mantle or a Williams hit or a Namath drop back to pass.

"I hope he gets it," said a man.

"Gets what?" said another.

"The world record."

"What's that?"

"I don't know, but I hope he gets it."

All through the stands, 10,700 people the second largest crowd in Vernon Downs' history—were hoping the same thing.

Upstairs in the press box, the track officials, too, pressed forward. And they were hoping. But their eyes were on the tote board and not on the horse, and they were hoping the numbers wouldn't become too large. In only two of his last six starts had Nevele Pride been included in the betting. Being as close to a sure thing as most gamblers will ever see, Nevele Pride always is a threat to create a minus pool. Minus pools cause a track great distress, forcing it to pay the minimum 5c on the dollar from its own treasury. Most harness tracks have eliminated the distress and the problem simply by eliminating Nevele Pride from the betting.

The officials at Vernon Downs had elected to play a different hand: they decided to include Nevele Pride in the betting, and at the same time they decided not to tell anyone. They still remembered

continued

a night in 1957 when a gambler called "The Count" showed up with \$20,000 in a paper bag. Richard Domina, now the mutual manager, was in the \$50 window. "He handed me the bag and told me to count it. He said he'd be back later to tell me what to do with it," said Domina. Returning The Count took 400 show tickets on a hot horse named Toprid, which won, and collected \$2,000 for a little over two minutes' sweat. "We were paying 10¢ on the dollar then," said Domina.

"We were afraid of the big gamblers coming in from New York and Chicago. We don't mind the people who come here every night causing a minus pool. But we certainly didn't want those other people. We hoped they figured we would be like the other tracks, that we'd bar him from the betting."

The keep-mum strategy worked. When the race was over and Nevele Pride, at 1 to 9, had won, the track found it had come closest to a minus pool in the show betting, and even there it had shown a profit of 12¢.

As expected, it was a typical Dancer-Nevele Pride race, wire to wire, with all the other Hambletonian not-so-hopefuls bobbing in their wake and hailing for second place. Dancer rushed the Star's Pride-Thankful colt away from the starting gate and had a safe one-length lead the first time past the clubhouse and he hit the quarter pole in 28 $\frac{1}{2}$. "That was a little faster than I would have liked," Dancer admitted later. As the horses turned into the backstretch Nevele Pride's lead suddenly was multiplied by four, and the crowd roared when the electronic timer showed 59 $\frac{1}{2}$ for the half mile. "And that was a whole lot faster than I liked," said Dancer. "But Final Notice came on a little to get Pride excited, and he got into me a little. I was having a hard time holding him back. In fact I was having a damn hard time holding him back. My hands were killing me."

His competition smashed, the fiery colt raced on alone, now facing only the clock. He rushed past the three-quarter pole in 1:29, with Dancer checking the stopwatch he carries in his left hand and deciding then that perhaps it wasn't too cool for a record at that. "I figured we were that close," he said. "We might as well go for it. So I clucked him a few times." Nevele Pride needed no more urging than that. Dancer has yet to

sting him with the whip—and they swept past the finish line in 1:58 $\frac{1}{2}$, breaking, of course, all the track's trotting records.

And now came the hard part—the trip to the winner's circle. Upstairs, track officials were having an equally hard time trying to talk Julius Slutsky, one of the owners of a resort in the Catskill Mountains called the Nevele Hotel and Country Club, and of a racing stable called Nevele Acres, into accepting the track's Gold Cup trophy. Like his brother Ben J., and Ben J.'s son Charles, Julius much prefers the background. Usually it is Leon Greenberg, the Slutskys' close friend and the president of Monticello Raceway, where the Slutskys are the principal stockholders, who is dispatched to pick up the hardware. For a long time many race fans thought Greenberg was the owner of Nevele Pride. Finally, reluctantly, Julius Slutsky agreed to go down with Louis Resnick and accept the Cup. Just a few weeks before Resnick had purchased a half interest in the horse for \$1 million.

By the time Slutsky and Resnick, under police escort, had worked their way into the winner's circle, Dancer had unhooked the sulky and was standing guard at the head of Nevele Pride, who was doing his best to kick in Dancer's left leg. The horse glared at his owners, and he glared at the crowd, and as the ceremony was prolonged Dancer became more and more apprehensive. Finally the trainer-driver would wait no longer and ordered Murphy to take the horse back to the barn. As they left, Nevele Pride was unsuccessfully trying to sink his teeth into Murphy's right hand.

Nevele Pride's next start is the Su Mac Lad at Yonkers this week, to be followed by the \$150,000 Yonkers Futurity August 8, and then he has one more race, at Springfield, Ill., before going on to Du Quoin, Ill., and the Hambletonian. Originally, Dancer had planned to race his supereolt at Monticello last Saturday, which would have delighted the Slutskys, their large resort complex is in the nearby town of Ellenville. A few days before the Vernon Downs race, however, Dancer decided that Nevele Pride could use the rest more than the Monticello race and cancelled it. The Slutskys said it was fine with them if that was what Dancer thought best. "Actually, I guess everyone kind of left it up to me," said Greenberg. "Julie called

me and said Stanley wanted to pull out of our race, but that he would let me decide. I told him that it was his horse and his track and to make up his own mind. Then Dancer called and asked me what I would like him to do. What could I say? I told him to give the horse a rest." Greenberg sighed. "And I guess I could have put 16,000 people in here that night."

When the Slutskys put their Nevele Acres under Dancer's command four years ago they gave him complete control and a blank check. "We're pretty much in Stanley's hands," said Charles. "We never butt in"—and now he laughed—"except for odds and ends, like Stanley calling to say he's going to spend \$100,000." Two years ago Dancer called to say he was going to spend only \$20,000 for a Star's Pride yearling named Thankful's Major. "Fine," said the Slutskys. "Only let's change the name to Nevele Pride." (The Nevele comes from 11 spelled backward and is the legacy of 11 schoolteachers who once picked at a fall on the Slutskys' property.)

"Right off we knew we had a good-looking horse," said Dick Baker, who handles all of the Dancer horses stabled at Roosevelt and Yonkers. "But of course we didn't know anything of his potential. The first time I rode behind him, he had gait. And the more you rode back of him, the more you knew he was a horse. Everything he did, he did right. After 30 days we knew we had a horse. And I've never seen that horse tank, not even after a race. I don't think Stanley has ever driven him all out—but he's been extended. Anytime a 2-year-old goes 58 and change, he's been extended."

Nevele Pride did "58 and change" twice last year. The first occasion was a 1:58 $\frac{1}{2}$ heat at Du Quoin. The colt had done 2:01 in the first heat in 100° weather and had returned to the barn with a temperature. After the first heat Charles Slutsky and Greenberg hurried to the barn, and they almost passed out. There stood the young pride of Nevele Acres, an ice bag strapped to his head, all four feet sunk into buckets of ice. This is not unusual for a horse racing in the hottest weather, but it came as a shock to the visitors. Told by Dancer that Nevele Pride would race (Veterinarian Dr. Steele has discovered Nevele Pride's metabolism is higher, his temperature higher and his heart beat faster than those of

the average horse), Slutsky and Greenberg burned back to their seats.

"Anything wrong?" asked Joan Slutsky, Charles' wife.

"Everything is fine," said the two men, settling down to watch the race.

"I'll never forget what happened after that," says Joan Slutsky. "I was so embarrassed. I was sitting there trying to act like a lady, but I couldn't control myself. When the race started I had a program rolled up in one hand. I started beating on the shoulder of this little old lady sitting in front of me. And she never said a word. She just left."

Meanwhile Charles was running into problems of his own. Greenberg was armed with a Hanover Shoe Farm catalog, and halfway through the race he realized he had been slamming it against the top of Charles' head. This had made Charles' glasses fly off. "From then on," says Charles, "all I could see was a blur. It was like watching a snowy picture on a bad TV set."

"But I described the rest of the race to you," said Greenberg.

"Thank you very much," said Charles.

Later in the year Nevele Pride turned in his second sub-two-minute mile, a

1:58½ at Lexington, that broke a world record for 2-year-olds. This year he won the Battle of Saratoga in 2:01, a world record for 3-year-old trotters over a half-mile track.

"There's no telling what this horse can do," says Dancer. "And because of that, he's a tremendous responsibility. That's why no one but myself has trained him, no one but myself has driven him. Now how could I explain to the owners if someone else was driving him and he went over a fence and broke a leg? But I try not to worry about it. Damn it, so many things can happen. If you thought about it you'd never get any sleep. It's like having kids. A lot can happen to them: sickness, injury, a lot of things. But you can't stay awake worrying about what might happen."

"You trying to convince me of yourself?" a man said.

"I don't know," said Dancer, grinning.

After August 25, Dancer will breathe a little easier, if only a little. That is the day of the Hambletonian, and that is the one he wants most of all. Nothing else has eluded this ex-groom who 21 years ago began building an empire with \$300 he borrowed from his wife and with a crippled 8-year-old gelding named Candor. He is the first driver to win \$1 million in a single season, something he has now done three of the last four years and will do again in 1968. For the last six years he has led all harness drivers in a weighted analysis called The Universal Driver Rating system. Just as soon as he wins another \$12,400 with his imported pacing star, Cardigan Bay, he will also become the first to have a harness horse with winnings of \$1 million in a career. But Stanley has never driven a Hambletonian winner, and since that is the Kentucky Derby and the World Series and the Super Bowl, Dancer wants it badly.

"The payoff for this whole thing will be the Hambletonian," said Ben J. Slutsky. "I'm so nervous from just thinking about it I really want Stanley to win it. Sure, I'm thinking about the horse, but it will be Stanley I'm rooting for, not Nevele Pride. This whole thing has been a lot of luck. The only thing I'd say we did right was when we said to Stanley, you recommend a horse and we'll take it. We didn't do a damn thing."

"Aren't they beautiful owners?" says Stanley Dancer.

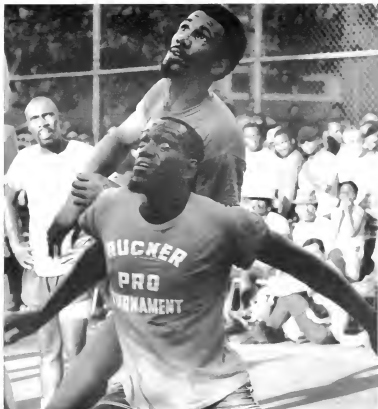
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The owners of Nevele Acres plot a training track at their Catskill resort, the Nevele Country Club. From left are Jeffrey Slutsky, his uncle Ben J., his cousin Charles and his father Julius.

A PLACE IN THE BIG-CITY SUN

Each summer pro basketball players come back to playgrounds like this one in Harlem where they can still learn a lot from neighborhood regulars who never had the chance to make the big time **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**



Herman (Helicopter) Knowings, who plays with a local aggregation called the Colonial, blocks out Knickerbocker Center Nate Bowman

On any winter night anywhere in the U.S., the scene is familiar. High above the court in Providence, or in Peoria, or in Portland, a crowd will watch the kid with all the moves and marvel at him. He is so young, but so advanced. He has it all—the polish and the sense of the game and that special feel of the ball that can come only by growing up with it, bouncing it and shooting it against somebody else good almost every day of the year. The kid has got to be New York. The precocious ones with all the moves are almost sure to have learned the game on the hard and hot surface that is universally recognized as basketball's gut-and-soul home: the playground.

It is hardly a revelation that basketball, more than any other sport, is New York's game. *The* playground game. High-rise geography and the other realities of the urban core have dictated this. Where baseball and football cry out for grass and space, basketball asks only for concrete. Just a little bit of concrete. A kid in New York goes eight blocks to the concrete playground instead of 80 to the grass, and he shoots a basketball all year round. Even in the summer when the pavement burns and the only relief is the man with the snowcones he goes to the playground and shoots a basketball.

The significant locus of all playground competition in New York has always been Harlem. They all play there, the aristocracy of the game and the anonymous, together. They play behind the fence on 138th Street off Fifth Avenue, or over by the St. Nicholas projects, or on a hundred other sidewalk courts around the area. So a guy picks up a game and finds himself guarding Jimmy Walker. Cool it, Jack, Harlem tells the guy. It is Harlem's justifiable boast and well-documented claim that the guy is probably as good as Walker, anyway. A man leaves his reputation and his clippings behind him when he comes to the Harlem playgrounds.

To be sure, it is somehow rare to find players who have to come to street-corner basketball; most are already there.

One such man was Holcombe Rucker, a high school dropout and World War II veteran whose idea it was to transform pickup basketball into an organized activity for all the youngsters of Harlem. Today his efforts have come to maturity in a group of summer leagues that include a division for professional players. The Holcombe Rucker professional tournament now stands as the pinnacle of playground sport in America.

In reality, the "tournament" isn't a tournament at all, it is a league composed of nine teams that play each other once in a round-robin competition on weekends from June through August. Most of the teams in the tournament have a couple of players from the National Basketball Association, the remaining participants are lesser-known pros from the ABA, the Eastern League and the Globetrotters or the countless other touring teams from Harlem.

Risking imminent exhaustion from the 90° heat and what seems to be their own certain destruction on the steel posts that support the baskets, the players gather each Saturday and Sunday on the fenced-in courts of the 135th Street and Eighth Avenue playground. There, about two fast breaks away from the site of the old Polo Grounds, they are watched by upward of 3,000 spectators who arrive in all varieties of exotic summer costume and who, if the stark green wooden stands are filled, use bench chairs, orange crates and oil cans as their bleachers.

Over the heavy, staccato beat of the bongo drums on an adjacent playground, the public-address announcer, Walter Sampson, speaks through a bullhorn. Along with the running score and the time remaining, a skilful play-by-play of all the action is furnished with commentary spiced by such remarks as, "You know who got that one?" after a rebound by Jumping Johnny Green of the Philadelphia 76ers or, "Everybody take it easy, ain't nothin' happenin'!" after an uproar over an official's call. Mr. Sampson is very nearly as good as the Astrodome scoreboard itself, he does everything but blow up.



Spectators crowd the fences to see the action.

Though play is well-controlled and not so rough as a newcomer might expect, there is a considerable amount of free-lancing and "get back" competition. Get back is instant playground reprisal. If a man exhibits his best move and scores on a negligent opponent, all hands yell, "Get back, get back," at the defender, whereupon he must immediately try to get back at the opponent who just took him. Promptly, with what is often a spectacular retaliatory move of his own, the second man usually does get back.

The audience is appreciative of all this and quite knowledgeable. The spectators are quick to detect the spurious move and overblown reputation, and they do not keep these discoveries to themselves.

Often they are as much a spectacle as the scrimmages on the court, included in their number sometimes are such heralded celebrities as Lew Alcindor, home for the summer to work in Mayor Lindsay's program, Operation Sports Rescue, and Wilt Chamberlain, who between contract negotiations has tooled up in his sparkling Dual-Ghia to catch the action of one team from which he has never been traded.

"There go 'The Dipper,'" says one little fan to his companion.

"Yeah," answers his buddy. "Let's go look at his car."

Chamberlain used to play in the Rucker tournament (his name still adorns the team's roster) and Alcindor will be el-

gible next year when he turns pro, [but] their regal presence is now only temporarily noted, their lure for the youngsters only momentary. The basketball itself is too good to be replaced by mere stargazing.

Indeed, much of the appeal of the Rucker pro tournament has come from witnessing a team of local favorites who never really made it stay even with a group of well-known pro players. News of the have-nots' successful exploits at the expense of the established NBA stars quickly gets around.

The New York Knickerbockers know about "The Ruckers," as the tournament is called by those who count. They know how tough it is. (One of the Rucker teams practically is the New York Knickerbockers. On a recent afternoon the team—which includes Willis Reed, Emmette Bryant, Howard Komives, Nate Bowman, Neil Johnson and Fred Crawford, all of whom played at least part of last season with the Knicks—was beaten by the Urban League 83-71.)

Some of the Urban League guys might be remembered. Bobby Hunter? Al Beard? Willie Hall? How about Frankie Townsend? Well, Hunter is a Globetrotter, Beard played last year with the New Jersey Americans (now the Long Island Americans or the Nassau County Nets or something), Hall is a former St. John's star, and Townsend is a 5' 9" guard who was a hero when he played at C.W. Post College.

"You can play that way downtown, but it won't do you any good up here," one man shouted at the Knickerbocker players during their loss to the Urban League. Chauvinism extends only so far, however. On the second occasion of a Knick loss—this one to a crew known as Carmensville—the more knowing partisans admitted that the result would have been quite different if Reed had been present.

His basketball camp at Cornwall on the Hudson had kept Reed away this once, but consistent truancy by several key stars is the one flaw in an otherwise well-directed program. "Actually, we know when we start that several of the NBA men on the teams' rosters aren't going to show up for many of the games," says Bob McCullough, a 25-year-old junior high school teacher who is the con-

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN D. BARNES



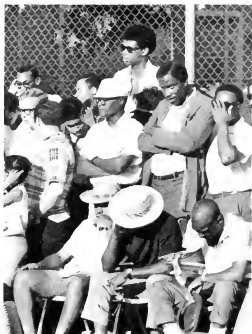
A few feet from the court a steady bong-bong competes with shrill cries of "get back."

director of the tournament. "But some guys will tell a team's organizer to put them on the list so that when they do show up they can play. After all, there's 12 spots on each roster. Will came around last year practically begging to get into a game. He hadn't gotten on a roster, but they let him play anyway and then forfeited the game to the other team. Now, we've got Will, Dave Bing, Earl Monroe, Connie Hawkins, guys like that, all on the rosters. They may never show. But if they do we're ready." Bill Bradley appeared in town last week, but he had not signed up on the Knicks' roster in time, so could not play with his teammates. They finally did find an open place for him on Johnny Green's team.

Last summer Hawkins, the Most Valuable Player in the ABA, did not play in a single tournament game, yet he was voted to the all-star game by the coaches. Hawkins made an appearance in that contest and won the Most Valuable Player award. "If you're going to have an all-star game in Harlem," explains McCullough, "you vote for Connie or you don't vote."

McCullough, who was drafted out of Benedict College in South Carolina by the Cincinnati Royals in 1965, deserves much of the credit for the present status of the tournament. After Holcombe Rucker died of cancer in 1965 McCullough took over the direction of the league and financed uniforms, trophies and referees' salaries out of his own pocket. Then he met Harold Petersen, a community-minded salesman for the Schaefer brewery, and together they persuaded Schaefer Vice-President Andy Cooper to get the brewery to take over the sponsorship of the tournament last year.

"I think we're on solid ground now," says Freddie Crawford, the Laker guard and an assistant coordinator of the tournament. "And it's a good thing. I remember growing up with this league, coming out here every weekend with a crate to sit on and a few sodas and watching all the great pros play. I learned a lot just watching, and it kept me from getting messed up with other things. As a participant now, the tournament helps me get in shape, sure. But the best part is that it's fun. We play in the winter



Doing seven feet, the Low Riders can be as helpful for watching basketball as playing it.

for money, we play now for relaxation."

To other men out to prove something playground ball is more than pure relaxation. "You really can't compare a man's abilities on the yard with what he'd do when the pressure is on," says Tom Thacker, a reserve guard on the champion Boston Celtics. "But I know there are guys out here no one ever heard of who are better than some of the men sitting on the bench in our league. It's just a simple matter of getting the right breaks."

The Rucker crowds are particularly enthusiastic about the abilities of Globetrotters Hunter and 5' 9" Pablo Robertson. Since Robertson temporarily left

the Colonial team to answer an urgent call from the Trotters somewhere in Europe, Ronnie Jackson and Herman (Helicopter) Knowings were left with the major responsibility to entertain the playgrounds.

Why is Herman called Helicopter, one man wanted to know.

"Why is Herman called Helicopter?" replied McCullough, unbelieving and laughing. "Because Herman goes up in the air, Jack. Herman goes up like a helicopter."

"Fly for me, Copter," is what all the fans yell at Herman Knowings. The Copter hardly ever hears any "get backs."

Fresh as a Daisy and Ready to Swing

Photographs by Walter Iooss Jr.

As the midsummer sun begins to bleach the greens and scorch the rough, golf's swinging chicks come from all over the country to compete in the annual U.S. Girls' Junior Championship. Last year they played at the camellia-scented Hacienda Golf Club in La Habra, Calif., where the photographs on the following pages were taken. Next week the young ladies will decorate the fairways of the Flint Golf Club in Flint, Mich.—exulting over a holed putt, bending backward to get that extra yard out of a drive or fretting over how to get out of a bunker



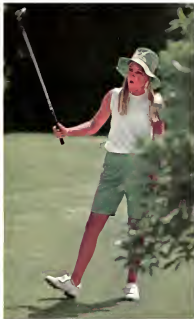
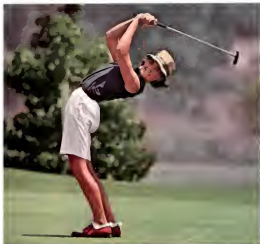
Momentarily airborne, Elizabeth (Doll) Story, last year's winner, registers delight as she sinks a putt in her final match. Still eligible at 17, Miss Story will be back to defend her title.





Watching the girls play golf is not necessarily good for your own game. Some of them bend too much, others not enough, but no matter. There are compensating factors. Chris Browning, who lost out in the qualifying round, won admirers with her long blonde hair. Marsha Houghton (above) and Nancy Hager did better, reaching the second and third rounds respectively,





The junior girls may not be playing for a \$30,000 first prize, but their intensity is great. Peggy Harmon puts body English on a putt while Jill Paskal keeps the ball sharply in focus at the top of her backswing. Marianne Cox (top) and JoAnn Washam have both hit and now watch the results. Kaye Beard (below) is in a fix. Having driven her ball beneath the branches of a tree, she now must figure out how she is going to get it out.





Some Dig Physics, Others Divots

In 1950 when Babe Didrikson Zaharias won the U.S. Women's Open, Mary Kathryn Wright (who became much better known as Mickey) was runner-up in the second U.S. Girls' Junior Championship and Elizabeth (Doll) Story wasn't born. Nor, quite obviously, were the 134 young ladies who, along with Miss Story, the defending champion, will take part next week in the 20th junior championship. It is, after all, for girls 17 years old and under.

And these kids are no slouches, in spite of the slouchy hats they favor. For example, drives of 225 yards are not unusual. This feat would probably impress them more if they only realized that before the Babe began belting them out there, the best of the women golfers did well to hit a ball 200 yards off the tee.

The tournament's first winner was 15-year-old Marlene Bauer, who still holds the record as the youngest champion. Miss Bauer later became renowned on the pro tour, as have many of the girls who played in the Juniors. Indeed, a roll call of the tournament's medalists and finalists over the years reads like the entry list for last month's Women's Open: Mackey Wright, Anne Quast, Barbara Romack, Ruth Jessen, Clifford Ann Creed, Peggy Conley, Mary Lou Daniel, Gail Sykes, Beth Stone, Kathy Ahern and Mary Alice Sawyer.

Last year the Hacienda Golf Club in La Habra, near Los Angeles, was host to the Juniors. Built in 1920, it is one of the older courses in California, and you couldn't ask for a more Elysian setting for girl watching. It is nestled in a valley of avocado and orange groves and is further distinguished by rugged hills and canyons. However, its scenic beauty was lost on many of the girls, who found the *barrancas* and narrow fairways bordered with carob and eucalyptus more forbidding than picturesque. In fact, all four favorites were eliminated before they reached the semifinal round, and, curiously, not a single girl of the advanced age of 17 reached the semifinals.

Next week the tournament will be held at the Flint Golf Club in Flint, Mich., which, if less exotic, is also less ominous. Among the entries are 43 repeaters from 1967, including the four semifinalists. The favorite has to be Doll Story of Oriskany, N.Y., fresh from "her first big grown-up victory," as her father puts it. Her short game and putting won the New York state women's title last month. "If Jack Nicklaus had been putting like she did last year," says Frank Hannigan, the assistant director of the USGA, who was at La Habra, "he would have won the '68 Open easily."

Nearly a fourth of the girls playing in the Juniors (that is, those who have a five handicap or better) will go on to the U.S. Women's Amateur in Birmingham, Mich. the following week, and some of them will also compete in the Women's Trans-Mississippi and the Western Juniors.

But not all the girls who play on the summer circuit are as addicted to golf as their skill and schedule would suggest. The great majority of them intend to go to college (most have grades averaging in the 90s). Even Doll is rather lukewarm about turning pro. "I don't think it's any kind of a life," she says firmly. Kaye Beard, who at 15 was the Kentucky state women's champion and will be participating in the Juniors for the fifth time, wholeheartedly agrees. "It's too much golf," she says. "Entirely too much." And Liann Zambresky, a finalist last year, is of the opinion that there are other more worthwhile pursuits. "I enjoy nuclear physics more than golf," says Liann—and she means it.

However, there are those, like Carolyn Kay Kertzman (left), who are sold on the game. Carolyn's got it all figured out: college in San Diego, a pro career and a golf shop of her own in San tee, Calif., her home town. Her ultimate goal is precinnently clear if perhaps a touch unmodest: "I aim for the top," says Carolyn Kay. "I'd like to play a little better than Mickey Wright."

—ROSE MARY MICHEN

Pig-tailed Carolyn Kay Kertzman pauses to check scorecard. Her first-round loss was easier to take when her opponent reached finals.

When Cale Yarborough wheels his growling Mercury Cyclone into victory lane, right away one can sense that he never felt he wouldn't get there. He unbuckles his safety harness, takes off his helmet to expose a fast-diminishing crop of blond hair, then somehow unstuffs his 5' 6", 185-pound body from inside the sheet-metal and tube-steel roll cage and climbs through the window. He loosens a red bandana from around his neck and wipes the perspiration from his smiling, maiden's blush-pink face. Yarborough simply cannot tan, he is either pale white or burned.

The last time all this happened was on July 4 at the Daytona International Speedway when Yarborough—having dodged a cool-suit despite the 94° temperature (120° in the car) for fear the extra 50 pounds would cost him a precious hundredth of a second or so per lap—won the Firecracker 400 Grand National stock-car race. Not that he needed those fractions. He won by over seven miles, or nearly three laps. He said the usual nice things into the microphone how he couldn't have done it without the aid of the Ford Motor Company, which was true, and without Glen Wood and his fine pit crew, which also was true.

Then Betty Jo stepped up beside him. Betty Jo is Mrs. Yarborough, 5' 2" of absolutely beautiful blonde with deep, dark brown eyes and a voice that comes out dipped in warm honey. Betty Jo was a cheerleader at the high school in Hebron, S.C., and William Caleb was an all-state fullback at the high school in Timmonsville, which is also in South Carolina. He met her at his uncle's drug-store in Olanta, where she was working behind the soda fountain, and they have a 5-year-old daughter named Julianne, who is going to be one fine cheerleader herself in 10 or 12 years.

by KIM CHAPIN

'Thrilling, fantastic things' fill the reveries of Cale Yarborough, the new superstar of stock-car racing, and this is more and more a year of



PHOTOGRAPH BY LOU MOLO

BONANZA FOR A BIG DREAMER

At 29 Cale Yarborough is rapidly becoming the next great Southern stock-car driver, having pushed his way toward the top during an era when a new generation of drivers has been scrambling to fill vacancies left by the death, retirement or suspension of the old heroes: Curtis Turner, Fireball Roberts, Joe Weatherly, Junior Johnson, Fred Lorenzen.

Into the near-vacuum occupied only by Richard Petty and his Blue Angel Plymouth have rushed a host of promising newcomers. The three most likely to succeed are: Lee Roy Yarborough (no kin of Cale—note the slight difference in spelling), 30, of Columbia, S.C. via Jacksonville, Fla., a superb qualifier—he has been on the pole in four of the fastest, richest races of the year—who nevertheless has not won any of the top NASCAR events in nearly two years; Buddy Baker, 27, of Charlotte, the son of former Grand National star Elzie (Buck) Baker, a 6' 6" 240-pounder with a violent temper who won this year's World 600 at Charlotte, and, of course, Cale Yarborough. Baker drives a Dodge, Lee Roy a Ford or Mercury and Cale a Mercury. All three men are flat-out chargers. "If Cale and Lee Roy and Buddy are ever ramming together on the last lap of a race," one stock-car official said recently, "the guy riding fourth is gonna win."

In the volatile atmosphere of Southern stock-car racing (just the other day Richard Petty's brother Maurice got annoyed at Bobby Allison for bumping Richard in a race and flattened him—twice—in the pits), Cale Yarborough somehow has managed to reach the top without antagonizing anybody. Last year he was voted NASCAR's most popular driver by the fans, but, more significant, there isn't a driver around, including Buddy and Lee Roy, who will badmouth Cale.

With his victory in the Firecracker 400, Yarborough moved clearly ahead of his two rivals, and if he outruns them again this Sunday, in the important Dixie 500 at Atlanta, the year will be Cale's for certain. The 400 was his third straight victory at Daytona, and he thus became only the second driver in NASCAR history to win three consecutive races at a major track. (The other was Fred Lorenzen at Charlotte in 1964-65.) Daytona was Cale's third superspeedway victory of the season; in each race Lee Roy

was second. The \$18,000 first prize at Daytona boosted Cale's total earnings for 1968 to nearly \$100,000, and with four big races left he is well within range of Richard Petty's record \$130,000 earnings for last year.

Cale did not have a day to himself until nearly two weeks after the Firecracker. Ford needed him for engine tests at Charlotte and the Mercury people needed him for public appearances, but Cale put most of that aside one weekend to go back to Timmonsville, a town of 2,500 in the middle of Florence County, to check on the plumber who was supposed to do some work at his house and the carpenter and electrician who were trying to fix up a building Cale is turning into a small business center.

On the Sunday of that weekend Cale and Betty Jo, with Julianne, drove out of town along Route 53 toward the hamlet of Sardis, past one of the three signs announcing to everybody that Timmonsville is the "Home of Cale Yarborough, the World's Fastest Stock Car Driver," which he is.

"They used to run me out of town for speeding," Cale said. Along the road was cotton and tobacco and in practically every house lived a relative of Cale's. His father, Julian, was killed in a plane crash on a Friday the 13th in

1951, but seven of his brothers and sisters live in his home county. Then there is his mother's family and his stepfather's family. "If you throw a brick around here you're bound to hit a cousin or two," Cale said.

In Sardis, Cale and Betty Jo stopped at his stepfather's mother's house for Sunday dinner, everything from pickled cucumbers to potato salad to barbecued pork and the hottest barbecue gravy imaginable. Uncles and aunts and those inevitable cousins, about 40 people in all, were gathered, and most wanted to talk with Cale or even take his picture.

When Cale stepped away to get some dessert, Dr. Bles Floyd, a brother of Cale's stepfather, Vernon, said, "That Cale, driving those stock cars. He's not afraid of the devil himself."

After his stepfather had showed off his cured tobacco Cale gathered up Betty Jo and Julianne and his brother Jerry and Jerry's wife, and got into Cale's twin-engined Piper Aztec and flew down to Santee-Cooper. Cale went water skiing despite some bruised ribs acquired earlier this year at Charlotte and Darlington. He kept motioning for the boat to go just a little faster.

All in all, it was a weekend in which Cale showed that racing sensation, a recent acquisition, has not spoiled him. "I hope I haven't changed," Cale said one day. "My father told me that if peo-

continued



CALE (98) DUELS AT DAYTONA WITH RIVAL OF SIMILAR NAME, LEE ROY YARBOROUGH

ple don't like you the way you are, they're sure not going to like you if you pretend to be somebody else."

But for all his back-home folksiness, Cale Yarborough is very different from you and me—unless you happened to catch water moccasins barehanded as a kid or dived off 90-foot cypress trees into Carolina lakes. Listening to Cale, one begins to understand why he believes he can win any race, survive any danger. Consider his account of the way he started flying: "Wib Weatherly and I had bought a plane," Cale said, "a Piper J-4. When it got here, Wib and I started to talking, each of us telling the other about how good we could fly. So finally we went out and got in the plane, and I said, 'I'll turn it over and you take the controls,' and he said, 'Naaw, you take the controls and I'll turn it over.' So I did, and never let on about anything and just taxed and took off as pretty as you please. Every time I'd offer to give the controls over, Wib'd say, 'Naaw, Cale, you're doing just fine.' Well, pretty soon we were running low on fuel and it was time to land and I said, 'Wib, I took off, you land it,' and Wib said, 'Naaw, you're doing fine, Cale. You land it.' Then I confessed that that was the first time I'd been at the controls of an airplane. Wib confessed, too. He said that was the second time he'd ever been up in an airplane. Well, I brought it in, bouncing all over the place and with Wib's eyes as big as saucers, and the next day I was out there and took off again and practiced landings in this field until I could do it pretty good. Never had a lesson in my life."

He has also barged into sky diving, and is perhaps the only diver alive who has missed the entire Atlantic Ocean on a jump. "I was supposed to come down in this little bay by Beaufort," Cale recalls, "but we misjudged the wind and I wound up on top of a dentist's office in the middle of a shopping center about two miles inland."

One day Cale drove to a place just outside Sardis, where the house in which he was born stood before it burned down. "This is where I learned to drive," Cale said, pointing to a deserted stretch of sandy road. "My father had a Dodge he converted into a pickup. I'd put a wash pan on the seat to see up over the steering wheel. It wasn't dangerous. There's nothing out here you can hit very hard."

Between 6 and 17 there was nothing to particularly distinguish Cale as a race driver-to-be. He had a so-so soapbox derby career, and that was about it. He did make all-state as a fullback at Timmonsville High (he later considered several college football scholarships and a tryout offer by the Washington Redskins), but spent most of his time cropping tobacco, cutting timber and otherwise working the family's 500-acre farm. Then came the 1957 Southern 500, the oldest of the stock-car races, at Darlington, S.C., just up the road in the next county from Timmonsville.

The official NASCAR record book reads that Cale Yarborough completed 42.6 miles in the 1957 Southern 500 and won \$100 in prize money. What it doesn't tell is that Cale was just 17 at the time (the same year he learned to fly) and that the minimum age for Grand National racing is 21. "I've got about five birth certificates on file with NASCAR," Cale said. What happened was that Cale and Bob Weatherly (Wib's brother) and a few other fellows from around Timmonsville took a stocker over to Darlington, but spent so much time getting it through inspection that by race day neither Cale nor Bobby had ever been on the track, which was probably just as well because neither of them had ever raced on a big track before. The car was not qualified, but in those days it did not have to be, and just before the race Cale pulled the car into line behind 75 others.

"I'm sitting in my stocker," Cale remembers, "and off Johnny Bruner, the chief steward, comes over and leans in my window and tells me that they've found out about how I'm too young and got to get out of the car. Well, I get out and put Bobby in the car, but right before the race, with all the cars sitting there roaring their engines, I run out of the pits to my car. I go in the right window and Bobby goes out the left, and when the cars pull away I'm sitting right there at the wheel."

"I do a lap or two and then Bruner spots me and black-flags the car off the track. I think it was the bright red that I was wearing. Anyway, when I pull in he really burns my behind."

"I put Bobby back in the car, and he goes out and does a few laps. Then I go down to the end of the pit area and signal him to come in for a pit stop. When he gets in we do the same thing, me in

one window, him out the other. There was so much confusion with all those cars stopping and stalling and all that Bruner never saw the switch. Now I'm back on the track and I get by with another two or three laps, and then I get spotted again. This time Bruner puts me in his car and drives me clean outside the track. He lets me out on the other side of the fence, but he gets caught in a little traffic while he's getting back into the track."

"I get over the fence and I'm back in my car before he can drive back from the gate, so I get some more laps in. I get scrunched way down in the car so that he can't tell it's me back at the wheel. I go by a time or two with him standing there, and then I'm coming out of the No. 4 turn and he walks right out into the middle of the front straightaway with all these cars flying by and puts his hands up like a traffic cop and stops me. He wouldn't even let me drive around and come in the pits. He stands there and makes me back up against all them cars back to the pit entrance!"

During the next six years, Cale got rides wherever he could, mostly on the dirt tracks that abound in the Carolinas, in jalopies, modifieds and sportsman racers. He met Betty Jo in that drugstore and got married in April 1961 at Monks Corner and lost \$30,000 in two years on a turkey farm. "Everybody was making money on turkeys," Cale said, "but when I got in, the turkey market had the worst two years it's ever had."

During the winter of 1962-64 Yarborough and Herman (the Turtle) Beam, for whom Cale had been driving some, went to Detroit and cornered Jacques Passano, the "Grey Fox," who is director of racing for the Ford Motor Company. Passano, like most racing executives, has something of a split personality to outsiders. To some, Passano is the swinger who taught Henry Ford II how to dress; to others he is a cold manipulator of money and machines who treats drivers like robots, gives them 30-day driving contracts and if they don't produce, bounces them.

Cale's request was simple. He wanted factory support. Passano, who had given some help to Yarborough previously, gave an equally simple reply. "I'll help you," Passano said, "but the first time you mess up, you're history."

In Cale's second race under this arrangement he was challenging Ned Jar-

rett for the lead in a 125-mile race at Richmond, Va. when Jarrett blew his engine right in front of him. Cale slid in the oil and bounced end over end three times.

The next day Cale called Passino "Jacque," he said, "about that car . . ."

No problem. Passino gave him another one, which he ran with indifferent success until the 1964 Rebel 300 in May at Darlington. Again Cale challenged for the lead, until a wheel bearing burned out. Cale pitted and got out of the car while Beam and his crew worked to fix it. Suddenly Passino came up. "What happened?" he asked.

"The bearing was all right last week," Beam and Yarborough said.

"Did you check it before the race?"

"No."

Passino said, "You have messed up."

Cale was back in the slums of racing, and actually quit for a while. That fall he played a little semipro football with the Sumter (S.C.) Generals.

That same fall the telephone rang. It was Passino. "Cale," he asked, "are you going to play football or go racing?"

The offer wasn't much. In fact it consisted entirely of a job with Holman Moody, Ford's stock-car builders—as a handyman—but Yarborough took it, and finally in the spring of 1965 Cale got his ride with a factory car. He had three second-place finishes in major races that year, but at Darlington was involved in one of the most spectacular crashes in stock-car history during the Southern 500. Racing side by side with Sam McQuagg deep into the No. 1 turn, he was nudged by Sam's car and lifted into the air and right out of the ball park. Darlington is not Cale's favorite racetrack.

The following year Ford boycotted NASCAR and Cale sat out the season until late summer. Then the boycott was lifted, and in a realignment of Ford drivers Cale got the car prepared by the first-rate Glen Wood team, and nothing but good things have happened since. In 1967 Yarborough won two major races, the Atlanta 500 and the Firecracker 400, and this season has been even better.

So there he sits, dressed in cutoff pants and a sportshirt, his arm around Betty Jo, luxuriating in the comfort of his living room in his comfortable Colonial house set on seven acres of land just outside Timmons ville, the Lincoln Con-

mental and Mercury Cyclone outside.

He talks of a trip he made to Savannah at the time he was going under with the turkeys, and with Betty Jo pregnant with Julianne, and how they had to scrounge in the back seat to find enough money to get across a toll bridge and how all they had to eat on that trip were the two sandwiches Betty Jo had made before they left.

Now Cale is fast becoming the Howland Hughes of Timmons ville. Besides his house he owns three other pieces of property in or near the town, plus an undeveloped lot at Santee-Cooper, plus two "Cale Yarborough 60-minute Cleaners" in Columbia, one in Lumberton, one in Hartsville, one in Winnsboro and a pickup station at his Timmons ville shopping center. To handle his businesses, he employs two accountants, a lawyer, a broker and an agent.

"I used to dream a lot," Cale said. "When I was just starting an racing I would sit on the tractor plowing cotton and dream—dream fantastic, impossible

things. Like my name in headlines and winning big races, or I'd look up in the sky and see a plane and say some day I'm gonna have a big plane like that. I'd plow right across into the next furrow. In the world—I'm not considering myself now—there are how many good drivers? A handful, maybe 12. Every sport has a wide base and like a pyramid it comes to a point at the top. Auto racing, I think, has a narrower pyramid than anything else. I love to race. Money is important now because I have a family, but I would race, I think, if I were a millionaire. It's something that clicks inside you—it does for me, anyway—and especially on the big tracks. Someday it'll end. I know that. I hope not soon, but someday I know the clicking will stop.

"Now when I'm flying I still dream I set the automatic pilot and dream of bigger and more fantastic things—thrilling things I'd like to do when I retire. I've never dived into the ocean at Acapulco. I'd love to do that."

END

CALE PAUSES BEFORE HIS SPACIOUS NEW HOUSE WITH WIFE BETTY JO AND JULIANNE





LIFE IS NOT A BOWL OF CHERRIES

Not for left-handed Dave Davis, anyway, who at 26 is one of bowling's new superstars. What he really yearns for are headlines, publicity and an army like Arnie's—or at least a platoon

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

The Count had come out of the Balkan states, tall and slender, with a fine mustache, and he was tough on the ocean liners. Out on the decks or downstairs, wherever the card game was, he would join it, pull a few aces out of a sleeve and then leave with everybody's money in his pockets. The suckers on the water eventually got wise to The Count, so he took his act onshore. In the big towns—New York, Chicago, Philly—and later out in the sticks he chose bowling alleys to make his mark. On a night in Schenectady he would come into the place with his opera cloak whirling around him, a black satin top hat on his head. Tapping the blond, shell-lacked floor with his cane, reaching down to rub his hands over it, concluding a thorough examination, The Count would look up and ask the local studs, "What is this for? Dancing?"

The studs would laugh out loud and start bowling him, beating him badly for a few games until The Count, claiming that the holes in the ball hurt his fingers, that he couldn't throw anything but palm shots and that the demnable game was a waste of time anyway, would

politely ask for a glove. Then he would turn everything around and, suddenly learning the game, he would roll a few eight-baggers to clean out the house, the studs, their backers and all the cash registers, too, before sweeping off into the night.

It would not be accurate to say that bowling has come full cycle from the day of The Count. John Dengler, who flourished during the Depression of the '30s, to its current royalty, Dave Davis. Certainly Davis is not a true hustler. But he provides a touch of class, as Dengler did a long time before him, in a particular area of Americana that is not exactly surfed with it. He also symbolizes the perplexing but inescapable anonymity of his sport, even at its highest level. John Dengler, understandably loved secrecy. Dave Davis loathes it.

"Bowler of the year? Superstar?" asks Dave Davis. "Nobody knows me. No one knows who I am. How can I be called a superstar?"

Last year, in his fourth full season, Davis was named Bowler of the Year after winning six tournaments (Las Vegas, Denver, Milwaukee, Green Bay,

Omaha and the PBA National Championship in New York) and more than \$54,000 in prize money, tops on the PBA tour. With his victory in Madison Square Garden he became the first man to win the National twice, and his six wins in one year also set a record. He is the only pro to finish among the top five money winners in each of the past three years, and this season, despite a long slump, he ranks second in earnings, thanks to a \$25,000 first-place prize at the Tournament of Champions in Akron. At the age of 26, Davis is already recognized as one of the best in the sport's history and certainly the finest left-handed bowler of all time. But down the street from the Happy Bowl Lanes, who knows Dave Davis?

Among the pros, left-handed bowlers are considered fortunate. Because the right side of a bowling lane gets far more play than the left, righthanders are usually forced to bowl over a grooved track, which calls for adjustments in their target spots and changes in their approach angles several times during a block of games. Left-handers, on the other hand, have far fewer adjustments to make;



their surface is almost invariably flat.

"We do have an advantage on some lanes," Davis concedes, "but it all evens out. The Las Vegas tournament is made for left-handers. A lefty has won there the last four years. But up at Garden City on Long Island now, we've had only two left-handers make the finals in four tournaments. We just can't score there. When the track is real good on the right side, *am I here* on the right side the righthanders will bury the lefties. Even they will admit that."

"Right now I have something nice to say about all left-handers," says Pat Patterson, a member of the famous Budweiser team, "but just get me or any right-handed bowler drunk one night and you'll really learn what we think of them."

A more neutral observer is Chuck Pezzano, a bowling writer and PBA member who has followed Davis' career from the beginning. "It's true that most left-handers, when they get their conditions, will destroy you," says Pezzano. "But this kid takes it a step farther. Even when he doesn't get his conditions he'll move deeper into the middle and de-

stroy you. There are a lot of places where he can't touch it, but Davis has passed the point of being just an exceptional left-handed bowler. He's a great bowler, period. Give everybody their conditions all the time—that is, let everybody, right or left, bowl the best he knows how on the ideal lanes for his type of ball each week—and Dave Davis might win every tournament out here."

Apart from the nuances of the right-to-left relationship, professional bowling is replete with intricate louches and abstruse how-to-dos, making it as subtle a game as golf. "Not too many average bowlers really understand this game," says Davis. "They think it's easy. Even the 170-, 180-average local guy would never dare change his spot or change his approach. He doesn't know how! Well, we might do it every few frames. It takes a detailed study of the game to average 200 consistently—and even that score won't win anything for you on the tour."

How-to-do-it with the head, the shoulders, the arms, the hands, the fingers, the finger holes, the hips, the legs, the feet, the shoes, the ball, the lanes and ev-

erything else, excluding, presumably, the Tel-E-Scorer pencil (at least you don't have to keep your own score), provides plenty of discussion among the pros long into every postmatch session. Most of these gatherings take place in an area directly adjacent to the lanes themselves, normally a dark, smoky cocktail lounge that serves as the social center of "The House." The House is what the pros call a bowling establishment, as in "Whirlama is a bad House" or "Waukegan needs one more good House." Even outside the House the pros continue the masochistic exercise of comparing their sport to golf. Dave Davis will go on for hours on that one.

"Well, really, how much tougher can golf be than our game?" he asks. "To match golf's weather, we've got the television lights drying up the lanes and making them hook. It's practically impossible to control the ball under heavy lights that have been burning for a long time. Like golf, we've got a hundred different shots. But we've got 10 things down there to hit, 42 boards to go down and across. We're carrying a 16-pound ball, swinging it while we're moving, and then

continued

we have to stop and throw it. The part of the ball that touches the lane is the size of a pen tip, if the ball hits a crack or dip or any other imperfection you're through. Plus, the righthanders have to fight that crack, go over or around it, and we all have to perfect four releases and throw them all well enough to carry and score.

"In both games," Davis goes on, "the variables determine your score, but that's what people don't understand about bowling. In golf, if you hit a bad shot you can recover. In bowling, if you throw a bad ball it's gone. You don't get it back. Granted, the first shot in golf, the drive, is important. But the first shot in bowling is everything. You can't afford to leave a bad split. Another thing, if you hit a good shot in golf you are seldom penalized. Here, if everything goes well with your ball—if you cross those boards that are hooking and backing up and jumping at you, if you cross those boards correctly, if you catch the groove, have the proper release and the proper spin and timing, if you get the ball in the pocket just so and everything else goes right, you know, a great shot—you still can get rapped, and all the pins won't go down. Something happens down there and you don't know what. It just happens. I know I'm learning golf a lot faster than I ever learned bowling."

Dave Davis learned bowling relatively late, after his family had moved from Wilkes Barre, Pa. to Phoenix following

his junior year in high school. He worked as a mechanic and maintenance man at a couple of lanes in Phoenix, polishing his game in the off-hours and waiting until he could scrounge enough money to become a pro. He rounded up a group of 13 local men to support him when he started the tour in 1964, but he has since become associated with Glen Smallcomb, a young real-estate developer from the San Francisco area who is rapidly becoming the Mark McCormack of bowling. Smallcomb now handles the investments, endorsements and other financial matters of 12 bowlers on the tour.

Smallcomb Enterprises is a child of bowling's new prosperity, a condition created by sponsors like Firestone and Lincoln-Mercury, who have stacked their money solidly behind the tour in recent years. Four seasons ago only one PBA tournament had a first prize of more than \$4,000, now on the winter tour minimum first prize is \$6,000.

"Dave Davis is the next superstar of bowling," says Smallcomb. "He has made a quarter of a million dollars in the last four years, and his marketing value is just starting. Guys like Dave project one helluva future for pro bowling. It is a sport that focuses on the individual. Anybody can identify with the star. When we get this over to more national advertisers bowling will be bigger than ever. Last year our staff won \$100,000 in prize money and picked up \$60,000 in endorsements. This year I see

\$100,000 in endorsements. Davis' earning potential is limitless."

Last year Smallcomb dispatched a speech-and-etiquette teacher to accompany his valuable client on the tour. "The guy taught me how to buy clothes and dress and meet people and everything," says Davis. "He sure could drink Scotch, too."

With a thin, angular face dominated by clear eyes and bunny-rabbit teeth, Dave Davis, at 6' 2" and 145 pounds, resembles the young Dan Dailey of *Meet Me in St. Louis*. He brings big-time bowling a fresh if somewhat undernourished look, and he is at the forefront of the mass assault on the sport by a new young breed. To appreciate how completely youth has taken over the PBA, it is only necessary to examine the results of bowling's four most important events—the Tournament of Champions, the National, the All-Star and the Masters—over the last two years. Of the five different winners of these tournaments only one is more than 29 years old. Eight of the top 12 money-winners this year are 28 or under. In addition, the major titles and the money-earnings race are slowly becoming the personal domain of a new Big Two: tall, slim Dave Davis and stocky, powerful Jim Stefanch, also 26, of Joliet, Ill.

Last season, while Davis took the National on the way to his brilliant record, Stefanch won the Tournament of Champions plus two other titles and \$42,575, second only to Davis. This year Stefanch has already tied Davis' record of six tournament wins (including the All-Star). With his victory in the Houston Scorpion he became the first bowler to win more than \$60,000 in one season.

The accomplishments of Davis and Stefanch over such a short time (each has nine career victories) already compare favorably with the records of bowling's all-time heroes, Dick Weber and Don Carter. Weber, with 17 PBA tournament victories over nine years, has won four All-Stars but not one of the other big tournaments. Carter, though the winner of three of the four major titles, has taken just six PBA tournaments. And it is clear that their dominance has long since come to an end. Weber has not won on the tour in two years, and Carter has not won since 1962.

Weber says, "These young kids come out here knowing about the ball, about



IN HIS PHOENIX HOME DAVIS HAS ICE CREAM WITH WIFE PAT AND LITTLE BOON

the boards, about release, about everything. They're not inexperienced anymore, they're not green and, especially important, they're not afraid.

"I've always considered Don Carter the greatest bowler who ever lived—and he's a good friend—but he returned to the tour this year after a layoff, and he just can't do it. He's bowling as well as he ever did, but there's just more people who can beat him now. I consider myself lucky just to stay in with some of these kids. They're pushing guys like Don and myself right off the tour.

"I think Davis and Stefanch are already superstars. Davis is uncanny with equipment. The ball. He'll use a ball for maybe four or five bad games in a tournament, then get a brand-new one out of a box, one that's never been used, and drill it the way he wants. Then he goes out and wins the tournament with it. That's like a catcher or a second baseman trying to play a game with a brand-new glove that isn't broken in."

Sitting in his spacious ranch-style home in Phoenix with his wife Pat and their 2-year-old daughter, Dion Michelle, Davis looks out at the grapefruit trees in the backyard, far from the turmoil of a missed six-eight conversion but not exactly content. He is concerned about the sale of his home, which, he and Pat have decided, is just too large, considering the short and infrequent periods they are able to spend there. He plans to use his leisure hours to golf and fish (a 71-pound white marlin is on one wall in the den) and spend his working days bowling. Again the anonymity of a top bowler's lot disturbs him.

"We got some attention late last year when *To Tell the Truth* had Pat and me on, and they tried to guess which of the three girls was my wife," he says. "Pat was number three, but Orson Bean guessed number one. He said, 'I voted for number one but it's probably number three because she's got a great set of pims.' We got a kick out of that, and Pat's a ham anyway. But that kind of exposure is rare.

"I think about my role in sports a lot. For baseball, golf and all the others, the papers always print the leaders, the top 20, stuff like that. Bowling, if it's there at all, gets last billing under 'Sports Shorts.' You know, 'So-and-so kegler is leading the blank-blank tournament with a score of blip-blop.' One

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



DAVE DAVIS

paragraph. When I won the Champions we got a little half-column story in the Phoenix papers. Television isn't much better. Pete Tountas from Tucson won the Masters this year and got about four seconds on Phoenix TV. I'm getting a little tired of it. Bowling has been an obscurity long enough.

"I was talking to a guy downtown just the other day I said, 'You know, I don't really know anybody in this town.' Oh, I know the mayor and the superior court judge to go up to and say hello. I've met them a few times at banquets. But I really don't know the big people around here. I mean, I don't want to know them to use their friendship. I just want to know them and have them as friends.

"This guy said it's probably because I'm young or because I'm away from home so much, and maybe that's right. But maybe it's the sport, too. You know, when you have a dream, and you think about what will happen to you? I always thought that if I ever made Bowler of the Year it would be great. I'd be like Carter. I'd walk around with my head in the clouds and not see anything for a while. Everything would be swell. But here I am, and it never really pumped me up at all. I mean, it's a great honor and everything, and I dress and act differently, but the fame and fortune hasn't come the way I expected it to. I don't really believe bowling makes any dent on sports. I mean, I didn't expect all the stars to call me up or write me letters of congratulations or anything like that. But I bet if you went up to Willie Mays or Arnold Palmer or somebody like that and asked him who Dave Davis is, he wouldn't know. They just wouldn't know at all."

So Dave Davis goes his anonymous way, a prince to the guys with HORMEL HAMS and DIVIDEND GAS on their shirt backs, but a face in the crowd outside the Bowl-A-Drome parking lots. Occasionally he even has trouble with his sport at home. On a recent evening Pat Davis was surprised that little Dion would want more food at dinner. "She shouldn't be so hungry, Dave," Pat said. "She had all that popcorn down at the bowling alleys."

Dave Davis slowly looked up from his newspaper, disappointment in his eyes. "Loses, honey," the superstar of the proletariat said to his wife. "Bowling loses."

END



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A paper tiger wins with steel

For Clark Graebner, a paper company executive, a more relaxed mien and a steel racket have made his last year of full-time tennis his best

Close up Clark Graebner just looks clean, dark, vigorous and sure of himself. But on the court, in shorts and among conventionally nifty-looking players, he appears more like a man hitting grounders to his kids. Or rather, line drives through his kids. He is high-pocketed, broad-based and generally untapering, even a little constricted because of a malformation of vertebrae that developed when he grew too fast in his teens. It has left him with a stiff back and a little trouble on low shots.

The resulting style could hardly be called "soul," and in his younger days, when Graebner punctuated it with fits of pique, the 6' 2", bespectacled amateur did not win the hearts of many crowds. But now, at 24, as a husband, father, staunch Republican and business executive with three stockbrokers, Graebner "can't afford to get mad," and he has acquired, as he says, a "good guy" image. In the process he has also become one of the top players in the world. His rise—in what he says will be his last year of full-time play—is a big reason why America's Davis Cup chances at last look very good.

At the end of 1967 Graebner was

ranked fourth among the nation's amateurs, behind Charlie Pasarell, Arthur Ashe and Cliff Richey. But in the recent midseason voting for worldwide player of the year he placed eighth among all contenders. Ashe was the only U.S. amateur ranked ahead of him, and only one other amateur, Tom Okker of The Netherlands, made the top 10.

The vote was taken before July 21 when Graebner won his first national singles championship, the clay courts crown, which was a special coup for a big hitter hitherto typed as a fast surface man. The voting did, however, reflect his part in the U.S. Davis Cup team's undefeated record in sectional matches, and his startling performance at Wimbledon, where he beat the top-seeded amateur, Manuel Santana of Spain, and pro Fred Stolle of Australia before losing in four long sets in the semifinals to another Australian pro, Tony Roche. Two years ago Graebner was dropped from the Davis Cup team for venting too much spleen on a ballboy. Now he and Ashe are its mainstays.

A product of a prominent Cleveland suburb, Graebner gives five things credit for the high and even tenor of his re-

continued



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TENNIS

cent ways. Two technical and probably minor factors are a new backhand motion, which he picked up from John Newcombe, and the new tubular steel racket he took to so enthusiastically a year ago. The lighter, springier steel rackets relieved him of a bad case of tennis elbow, and enables him, he says, to give the ball more "hum" with less strain. Probably no player in the world now hits a harder serve or forehand than Graebner.

Deeper new sources of strength are his ripening marriage, his relations with new Davis Cup Captain Donald Dell and the responsibility of being understudy to the president of the company that Graebner—suddenly quite public-relations conscious—quickly points out provides the paper for 18% of all United States currency.

Graebner married the former Carole Caldwell four years ago, when he was still 20. She was the nation's fourth-ranked women's player and he was the 24th men's. Since then the fetching California blonde has dropped to sixth and currently to inactivity, being more occupied with caring for Cameron, 20 months, and Clark Jr., 2 months. Mrs. Graebner has also devoted herself to calming Mr. Graebner down. "She keeps me quiet," he says, "not too nervous. When I know how I want things to go and they aren't quite doing that, she knows how to handle me."

Carole herself says, "I just give him moral support. I'm a nervous wreck myself. You have to be nervous." At any rate, Carole and Clark and Cameron (who has already gone through the chicken pox in South Africa) have been together, sunnily, all over the world.

Of Dell, who left the Office of Economic Opportunity and has brought a remarkable *neu esprit de corps* to the cup team, Graebner says, "He understands us. He's a contemporary of Ashe, Pasarell and myself, and he's an attorney, and logical, and he will sit down and talk things out. He has the intangible to get people to do what he wants."

One of the things Dell's intangible has effected is an extremely tangible and rigorous team training program. "I have always been naturally strong," Graebner says, and former team member Marty Riessen, who played ahead of Graebner for two years at Northwestern ("His father was the coach," Graebner points out pleasantly) agrees. But Riessen notes that Dell has Graebner doing calisthenics

for the first time in his life and "now, whether he is or not, he feels stronger. Clark knows he can outlast the other guy."

It was Dell's predecessor, George MacCall, who suspended Graebner for 30 days in 1966, and then left him behind when the team went to Brazil and an ignominious defeat. "I wasn't so mad at the suspension," Graebner says. "George did it for my own benefit. But I was very unhappy when, after telling me to drop out of school for a quarter he didn't take me to Brazil. When you get a guy 46 or 47 years old and he wants to play God and tells you not to go to school and leaves you hanging well, we had a very formal relationship. He just wasn't a good captain."

In fact, Graebner maintains, he was thinking of quitting cup competition until he talked with Dell. He was about ready to confine his tennis to weekends and put most of his drive into business—as indeed he will do, he says, after this year. He is playing now with just one

year of grace that was granted by the Hobson Miller Paper Company of New York. The firm's president, Mr. Miller, is grooming Graebner for an executive position. Graebner has been with the company since he got his degree at Northwestern in the spring of 1967, but he has spent most of his tenure there playing tennis. Still, some deals have come through for him. "How did you get this thing without being in the office?" Mr. Miller will ask me. Gee, I'll try to figure out how I did it myself. Then sometimes something happens so you don't get a deal, and you get so mad you can't see straight. It's like losing to somebody in tennis, you've got to figure out what you did wrong and change it." A gleam comes into Graebner's eye, and you can almost see him practicing his business stroke.

Specific deals aside, he figures "this year has been worth a million dollars to me in business." But it would not have if he had assailed any more ball-boys. "If a client comes to see you play,

he doesn't want to see you going around," he says. "Recently there was a picture of me in the paper with the caption 'Graebner, Always the Nice Guy.' You just can't buy that kind of publicity."

Not, he says, can professional tennis buy him the kind of living he can expect from his business future. "I was given a pro contract a couple of years ago. I kept it so I can show it to my son. But even if I made twice as much in the next couple of years as a pro, in the next couple of years after that I'll be making twice that much as business."

Meanwhile, he can't complain at all about the standard of living to which the amateur circuit has accustomed him. "Amateurism here is shamateurism. Everybody knows it. When we were playing abroad I told Carole, 'Maybe we won't ever make quite as much money as some of these people staying in second-class hotels, but not many people can say they went through Europe doing everything first class.' It's a good life, at least the way I live it."

END

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Sherman's Battle of the Bulge

Every other member of the New York Jets had dressed after the workout and gone over to the Hofstra student union for lunch, but still lying naked on the rubdown table was Sherman Plunkett, a hulk of a man whose flesh descends from his neck to his waist in ever-larger folds, like a soft pyramid. Plunkett was not eating lunch last week or breakfast either. At 336 pounds, he was the most overweight regular reporting to a pro football training camp. Coach Weeb Ewbank was angry. Well,

aware of Plunkett's off-season ballooning, Ewbank had ordered him not to weigh more than 300 pounds upon arrival. As the scale quivered, Ewbank quivered and announced that Plunkett (a) had lost his job as first-string offensive right tackle and (b) would have to pay his own expenses at camp until he melts off a couple of dozen pounds.

"If he gets down to 310, we may argue," said Ewbank. "He's supposed to report in good shape and he's not. I just told him that, with 19 games, one of these years his legs are going to give out. And he's lost speed and agility because of his excessive weight."

The legs have stood up so far for the 6' 2" Plunkett. Since coming to the Jets from the San Diego Chargers in 1963, he has not missed a game. His value is in pass protection, where he is more like Sherman Tank, serving as a roadblock against linemen trying to get through to white-shoed Joe Namath, the quarterback with the million-dollar arm and 39¢ knees. Teams with a strong run-



SWEATING HELPS MAKE SHERMAN SHRINK

ning attack need mobile offensive linemen, but on the pass-crazy Jets there is room for a Plunkett, so long as he's not too stationary. Thus, Sherman was lounging on the rubdown table while his mates were at the dining table.

"I thought I was much lower, about 300," he said. "I felt that I had lost. I knew I was going to be fined, but I thought it was going to be less."

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"My biggest problem is not how much I eat but when I eat. When I'm at home in Baltimore, my wife is working, so when she gets home to fix dinner it's 7:30. There's nothing to do after dinner in Baltimore, so I watch TV and fall asleep. Maybe I should form the habit of eating at 4 in the afternoon."

There are those who suspect that Sherman did nothing but loaf around the house, but his wife Betty claimed that he played tennis and golf, ran around a park lake and even played a little football. Mrs. Plunkett also insisted her menus were not to blame.

"I'll give him two months after the season to eat what he wants," she said, "because it's a shame not to be able to eat anything all year. But around the first of March I put him on a diet. I feed him things like steak and salads, and he does wonderfully—at least in the home." Then she reflected a moment and allowed, "I do get a little suspicious of what he eats outside the house."

Mrs. Plunkett's suspicions are probably well-founded, according to Jim Parker, one of Sherman's roommates when he was with the Baltimore Colts. "He was the only fat man I ever saw who never ate anything," said Parker. "To listen to him, he never ate any breakfast, lunch or dinner, just some crackers and cheese. I remember once Weeb [who coached the Colts then] sent him to Johns Hopkins Hospital to have his thyroid checked to see if anything was wrong with him. When he came back and knew he was all right he couldn't understand why he put on weight."

"But I knew. One night when we were rooming together he thought I was asleep. He pulled out some crackers and cheese in the middle of the night and started eating them. I told him I thought a rat was in the room when I smelled all that cheese."

Plunkett has been bulky for a long time, going back to his days at Douglass High School in Oklahoma City. He went both ways as a tackle and was very fast for a big man. One of his coaches remembered that he weighed 235, but Sherman admits he was 280 even then. At Maryland State he did drop down to about 240.

"I got sick or something," he said. "I was younger then."

After being cut by the Cleveland Browns, he spent two years playing at Fort Dix, N.J., learning from Roosevelt

continued

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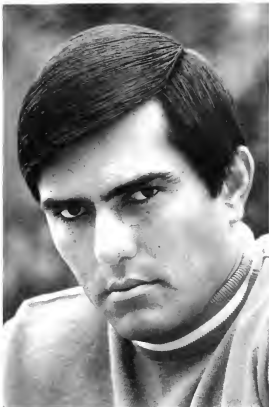
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PRO FOOTBALL *continued*

Grier and other pros in the service. When he got out he joined Ewbank and the Colts. "I weighed about 270," he said. "Weeb was happy with it. That first year I could run a five-flat 40."

"We could tell how much he weighed by the wrinkles in his neck," said former Colt star Art Donovan. "If he had three wrinkles he weighed 320, and if he had four he weighed 360."

In 1961 the Colts offered Plunkett a \$500 bonus if he reported at 275, he missed by 25 pounds. When Weeb got him back for the Jets in 1963, he tried a new scheme. He offered Betty Plunkett \$1,000 to get Sherman's poundage down. She didn't collect, either; and Ewbank fined him this time.

Right now, Plunkett is faced with winning his job back from rookie Sam Walton, a 276-pounder from East Texas State. Then he has to keep playing better than Walton and another challenger, Jim Harris, who reported at 303 instead of 275 (he has slimmed to 286), and also was made to pay his own way at camp.

To accomplish these things, Plunkett absolutely must get his weight down. Ewbank has decreed it, and, as Sherman says, "He's the boss. I'll go on one meal a day as long as I can. I've been through this before, just about every year. When I was 286, they wanted me 275. But I'll be able to get down to 300 like he wants — by the time the season starts, if he keeps me."

Besides eating only the evening meal, Plunkett is sweating off some of the surplus in the Jets' two-a-day drills. He runs laps with the team and finishes last. He does jumping jacks, but he does not touch hands above his head. He does eight push-ups or so and ambles through the new plays introduced each session. And, presumably, he's laying off the cheese and crackers at 3 a.m.

Plunkett can take some small comfort in the fact that he is not the only tackle in pro football with a weight problem. The Miami Dolphins' ninth draft choice, 6'7" Sam McDowell of Southwest Missouri State, was required by his contract to report at 295. Instead, he checked in at 371, making Plunkett look like a ballerina by comparison.

"I can't understand it," wailed McDowell. "I only weighed 316 back home in Lebanon."

"If he did," said Miami Coach George Wilson, "he must have come to camp in a dining car."

END

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Long look ahead to down under

All right, I blew it. In spite of two sure-thing hedge bets—Canada's powerful entry in the Open and the heavily favored U.S. team in the women's event—an American team did not win the World Bridge Olympiad in Deauville last month, as predicted here. Nevertheless, I am sufficiently unchastened to hazard another long-range selection. If I had to forecast where a future world championship will be played on the other side of the globe I would guess that it will be in Australia. But before the Aussies can become hosts to the Bermuda Bowl event they will have to overcome, in addition to their zonal bridge rivals, problems of finance and geography. However, I think they may do it.

The basis of my forecast is the performance of the Aussies in the recent Olympiad, which shed a new light on Far Eastern bridge affairs. During the qualifying rounds they knocked off every leading contender except the U.S.

and had a clear shot at them—a shot that missed only because a slam went wrong on the last board of their match.

The Australians have two not-so-secret weapons: the New South Wales system, played by four of their players, and Tim Seres. Of the two, I am more impressed with Seres, surely one of the world's top cardplayers. Both weapons played a part in this hand from the crucial match with the U.S. Cover the East-West cards and share Seres' problem.

The New South Wales system is an adaptation of a method that won the first world bridge championship for Austria in 1937. Seres, who comes originally from Hungary, brought the system to Australia, and it is played with great speed and accuracy by the four members of the team who live in Sydney.

One club is a general-purpose forcing bid, denying possession of any five-card suit other than clubs but not necessarily promising more than a singleton in that suit. Therefore, North's response of two clubs was not merely a raise, it showed a substantial club suit of at least five cards and a hand not far short of an opening bid. Which explains Seres' rather startling leap to six on a three-card suit. He knew the partnership assets were enough to shoot for a slam and a club contract was likely to be safer than no trump.

Slam prospects were excellent. If clubs split, it would be a laydown. But when Seres won the first trick with his ace of diamonds and played the king and another club, West showed out. East had a trump trick and the slam hinged upon winning four tricks in spades. You can take it from there. To get rid of your heart losers, your obvious chances to win four spade tricks are: take a spade finesse against East, or try to drop the jack of spades in three leads. Look at the East-West hands and you will see,

as the spectators did in Deauville, that neither of these will work. Nevertheless, Seres made the slam, gliding through the play as swiftly and smoothly as his countrymen might whistle through a couple of choruses of *Waltzing Matilda*.

Seres took dummy's ace of clubs and played a third club, putting East in. When East returned a heart, South never even considered the possibility that this might be a foolish lead away from the king. He took the ace, led a diamond to dummy's king, cashed two more rounds of trump, discarding hearts from his hand and then led the spade 10. There was a chance that if East had the jack he might cover, anyway, declarer wanted to unblock in case he decided to take the finesse later. Now, however, he put up his ace of spades, leaving this position.

Both safes vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH		EAST	
♠ 10 3	♠ 5 3	♠ 5 3	♠ 5 3
♥ Q 6 4	♥ 8 5 2	♥ 8 5 2	♥ 8 5 2
♦ K 10	♦ Q J 8 6 2	♦ Q J 8 6 2	♦ Q J 8 6 2
♣ A 8 4 3 2	♣ Q J 8	♣ Q J 8	♣ Q J 8

WEST		SOUTH	
♠ J 8 7 6 4	♠ A K Q 9	♠ A K Q 9	♠ A K Q 9
♥ A 2 10 7	♥ A 9 2	♥ A 9 2	♥ A 9 2
♦ 5 3 3	♦ A 7 4	♦ A 7 4	♦ A 7 4
♣ 5	♣ K 10 7	♣ K 10 7	♣ K 10 7

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
(Contract)	(Adversary)	(Score)	(Remarks)
PASS	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
2 ♠	PASS	8 ♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 2 of diamonds

NORTH		EAST	
♠ 2	♠ Q 6	♠ 5	♠ 8
♥ 2	♥ 2	♥ 8	♥ Q 8

WEST		SOUTH	
♠ J 8 7	♠ K	♠ K Q 9	♠ 7
♥ K	♥	♥ 7	♥
♦ K	♦	♦	♦

When South led the diamond 7, West couldn't throw a heart without setting up dummy's queen. When he threw a spade, dummy ruffed and led a spade and South's king-queen-9 made the last three tricks and the slam. The U.S. contract in the other room had been an uneventful three no trump, and Australia gained 12 International Match Points.

END

Mr. Work fits his name: Doctorate work in finance, MBA, BA in economics, former college instructor and management consultant. As an undergraduate, he chose NML.



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A Search for Some



Bear Facts

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BY VIRGINIA KRAFT



CONTINUED

Ever since man first probed its frozen vastness at the top of the world, he has both feared and been fascinated by the big white bear that lives there. Few animal habitats are more forbidding and few parts of the globe more hostile to life in any form. The winds wail year round across the wastes of the Arctic ice cap, and winter has no end. But the polar bear, acknowledging no enemy and accepting no equal, is master of its milieu. Or so it has always seemed. Of late, however, in this country and abroad, fear and fascination have been replaced by concern that all is not well with the polar bear.

Are the Days of the Arctic's King Running Out? (headlined *The New York Times* in its magazine section on March 28, 1965) Yes, said the six columns that followed. Yes, said Lowell Thomas Jr., son of the explorer and unsuccessful congressional candidate from Alaska. Yes, said Stewart Udall, Secretary of the Interior (although he did not place the bear on Interior's list of endangered and extinct species). Yes, said that rare public speaker Charles Lindbergh in a speech in Juneau, Alaska. "The polar bear is in danger."

Not since the nation embraced Smokey as guardian of its forests has public sentiment rallied so solidly behind a bear. "The polar bear," wrote *The New York Times*, this time on its editorial page, "is a victim of a peculiar and peculiarly repulsive expression of man's egotism. Wealthy men have taken to hunting bears in Alaska from airplanes."

"This kind of hunt is about as sporting as machine-gunning a cow." Man the Despoiler was at it again, and compounding his crime with the twin sins of money and mechanization.

Scientists and politicians lost little time taking the same stand. Other newspapers and magazines took up the cry. Even the *Congressional Record* included in its pages several long and passionate pleas on behalf of the bear. Societies for the preservation of polar bears sprang up all over the country. And in September 1965 an international conference was called in Fairbanks, Alaska to consider the animal's fate.

To this meeting came biologists and ecologists from the five inter polar nations—Norway, Denmark (Greenland), Canada, the U.S.S.R. and the U.S. With them they brought reports, records, statistics and suggestions. And as the meeting progressed through a week of speeches and seminars, one fact began to emerge with increasing clarity: in spite of mounting concern throughout the world for the polar bear's survival, in spite of countless printed and spoken words forecasting its doom, not one person in that learned gathering could offer factual evidence that the polar bear was actually in danger. As discussions wore on it became clear that much of the publicity surrounding the polar bear's "plight" was founded on emotion rather than fact.

In emphasizing the need for more information about polar bears the conference at Fairbanks triggered a barrage of research that may eventually prove of major significance not only to the animal's survival but also to man's. Polar bear studies undertaken after the conference to answer questions involving game management and conservation have expanded in the three years since into so many other areas of inquiry that the bear is currently involved in virtually every phase of science.

In medicine, for example, the polar bear's corneas and the irritating membranes of its eyes, which act as built-in sunglasses, may provide a clue to preventing snow blindness. The unexpectedly dark pigmentation of the bear's skin, the whiteness of its hair, its remarkable digestive system, which can convert large quantities of seal blubber into body heat, and its relatively short limbs all are being examined for secrets of the polar bear's ability to withstand incredible cold.

Another important experiment—a polar bear tagging program—was begun as a result of the conference. Working out of Barrow in the spring of 1966, Scientists Vagn Flyger and Martin Schonn, after dozens of unsuccessful attempts and considerable risk to their lives, managed to fire drag-filled immobilizing darts into seven polar bears. Although four of the bears died (the roar of public outrage

that followed almost drowned out the fact that much valuable information about tagging had been obtained), the Alaska Department of Fish and Game, making use of a helicopter and more compatible drugs, undertook a tagging program of its own in the following year.

Dr. Harry Messel, an Australian physicist and joint director of the Cornell-Sydney Astronomy Centre, found himself fascinated by the results of these early tagging efforts. "I thought," Messel recalls, "why not carry this tagging program one step farther and put radio collars on the bears? Tracking the movement of animals by means of electronically transmitted signals was not a new idea, but developing a radio-transmitting system that would work on a polar bear in the specialized severity of its Arctic environment was something else again."

"I realized," Messel explains, "that such a system, if valid for the polar bear, would be valid for other marine animals, and then, more important, for utilization in the study of the various parameters of the ocean. From there the applications to the whole field of oceanography are unlimited."

"Eventually we hope to be able to interrogate a whole system of ocean stations through satellites, to keep track of entire fleets of Polaris submarines, to monitor underwater weather stations around the world simply by pressing a button. But this is all in the future. Before this can be done we must first develop a basic transmitting system that works on polar bears."

In little more than a year those involved in the tagging program have come remarkably close to achieving this first step. Prototypes of radio collars are being worn by 77 polar bears wandering the Arctic ice pack off Alaska. Radio-transmitting equipment is being designed and built by Lockheed Electronics in Houston. It is not inconceivable that a year from now someone on a scientific team will fly out of Barrow and, by means of this electronic-interrogating equipment, send a signal that will turn on the transmitter in the collar of any bear that happens to be within a 120-mile range of the plane. The bear's col-

lar will then send back an electronic beep indicating its location within roughly two degrees. Since each collar will have its own radio code, each bear will be immediately identifiable as to age, sex, where and when it was tagged and where it was last sighted.

To conserve battery life between interrogations, the transponder in the collar will function only when actually interrogated. The collar will automatically turn itself off after 20 seconds to prevent its inadvertently being left on should a bear, for example, move out of range of the interrogation equipment before a shut-off signal can be sent by remote control. If the interrogator needs more information, he will simply keep pressing the button every 20 seconds. Power in the radio prototypes now being tested is sufficient to turn a single battery on and off 3,000 times. Thus, hopefully, should be more than adequate power to "turn on" a specific bear over a period of from two to five years.

"This is what we should be able to do in theory," explains Jack Lentfer, chief of bear research for the Alaska game department. "What happens in practice is much more complex. We still consider this pretty much a pilot study. For every problem we have already solved, there are probably 25 we don't see. Eventually we hope to tag 100 bears with transponders. The first six will cost \$5,000 each. That's a lot of money in collars. Before we get into anything that big, we want the maximum information we can get from prototypes."

The radio system, while certainly much farther along than anyone dared hope, is still several years away. But the regular tagging program is already producing information of practical application. This year, in a six-week period in March and April, Lentfer and several crews managed to tag 142 bears.

Lentfer has found the best aerial combination for tagging is a helicopter flying in conjunction with a light aircraft such as a Cessna 180. He and his partner, who was Lee Miller of the Alaska game department on the several expeditions I accompanied in March, fly in the helicopter. The airplane carries spare

equipment, extra gas and, as in my case, an occasional passenger when there is room among the five-gallon gas tins that fill most of the cockpit.

From the air the frozen world below stretches to infinity, a silvery snowscape of strange shapes and silhouettes. Pressure ridges jut skyward like clumsily constructed walls, reflecting from their recesses a dozen tints of blue and green. Massive chunks of ice eight and 10 feet thick and many times that size across are strewn about. All sense of perspective is lost in such vastness. There is no predetermined profile against which to gauge the pinacles and spires of the Arctic skyline, no familiar formula to predict if the rise of a frosty undulation will flip a landing plane nose first into the snow or accept the gliding skis. Landing and taking off on the sea ice is a form of gambling in the purest sense of the word. Experienced Arctic pilots, it is true, have learned to read the subtle hues and shadings, shadows and gradations that offer clues to the thickness of the ice and its suitability for landing. But even the best pilots rely heavily upon instinct and upon the ability to make instant, intuitive judgments.

Other factors also affect the odds—all for the worse. There are few places in the world where flying conditions can change so drastically or with so little advance warning. A 10,000-foot ceiling can abruptly drop to zero, 10-mile visibility to inches. In minutes gale winds can blow where there had been no breeze, filling the air with snow and opening great rents in the ice. These leads, as the openings are called, may be a few feet across or a mile or more.

In March and April, when the sub-zero temperatures of the Arctic air meet the warmer temperatures of the water, steam rises from the open leads on the ice pack, forming dark clouds that can be seen upon the horizon for many miles. This is what Jack Lentfer's crew, flying offshore on a tagging mission, look for first. In the vicinity of these gaps, where the ice is unstable and landings and take-offs are most treacherous, bears come

to the open water to hunt seals—the basic item of their diet.

Most of the bears Lentfer tagged this year were found near leads relatively close to shore. All six of the bears he tagged when I was along were immobilized within 20 miles of land and within 15 miles of each other.

We spotted the first bear tracks less than an hour after takeoff from the Arctic Research Laboratory at Barrow, where the tagging operation was based, and less than 10 minutes after locating a lead. The plane flew at altitudes between 100 and 200 feet, dipping first one wing and then the other to provide the fullest view of the surface below. Suddenly the pilot flipped the plane past the vertical and yelled, "Tracks." Bisecting a patch of snow in a straight line were what looked from our height like the neatly spaced footprints of a pygmy rabbit. The foot of an average polar bear is 16" long and 10" across. For the first time, I was aware of the real size of those mounds and ridges below, and of the animal that moved so casually among them.

The pilot signaled the helicopter, and in minutes it was following along the bear's trail, hovering close to the ice to keep the tracks in sight. Then, ahead of it, we saw the bear. It stood in the jagged outcropping of a pressure ridge, watching with casual interest the strange flying creature drawing toward it. Even against such a background the bear was easily visible. Its hair was the rich, creamy color of butterfat, almost yellow alongside the less nourishing skimmed-milk whiteness of the snow.

When the helicopter was directly over the bear Lentfer unzipped a canvas window in the side of the helicopter's bubble and, aiming the muzzle of a specially adapted shotgun at the bear's hindquarters, fired a dart filled with the drug Sernylan deep into its flank. Startled, the bear leaped from the pressure ridge and galloped away over the rough ice. The big animal loped across a snowy field with the loose-limbed, liquid gait of a cheetah, and at one point scaled what was virtually a vertical wall of ice. After about 20 minutes the bear showed

continued

signs of slowing down. Then it stopped and sat back on its haunches, tentatively, like an old man testing a chair. The bear turned in a circle and lowered its body on its elbows. The helicopter touched down about 20 yards from the bear, and the Cessna landed nearby in a clearing about the size of a short driveway.

I extricated myself from the gas tins and climbed out of the plane. The surface that looked so traversable from the air was, on foot, a maze of traps and pitfalls innocently covered with snow and liable at any step to snag an ankle, snap a bone or dissolve into a hip-deep crevasse. When I reached the men they were standing near the bear, which was still propped on its elbows, its black eyes open and unexpectedly alert, its head bobbing slightly as if too heavy to support.

"There, there," Miller said, patting gently between the ears.

"Sow," Lemter explained to me. "About four years old from her size."

Moving with swift efficiency, the men removed the dart from the bear's rump and injected the animal with a tranquilizer to counteract any possible side effects. Sernylan affects the bear's central nervous system, temporarily impeding its muscular control to the extent that it cannot get up or move about, but it is not rendered unconscious.

The men then measured the bear, removed its lower right rear mandible (a nonessential tooth), tattooed its upper left inside lip with what from now on will be the bear's own Zip Code, placed a green metal tag in its left ear and a blue metal tag in its right, injected it with a chemical that will form a stain at the site of developing calcium deposits (for future use, like the tooth, in an aging study), fastened one of Messel's dummy collars around its neck, examined its reproductive organs to determine whether it had reached sexual maturity (it had) and whether it had been bred (it had not), painted upon its rump in large, indelible, purple-ink numerals its identification number (this was bear No. 104); then

rolled the animal in a huge nylon net that was attached to a scale in the helicopter and, by suspending bear and net in the air, weighed the still calmly blinking creature.

The entire process—from the first measurement to the weighing—took a total of 10 minutes. The bear would need another two hours to recover fully and doubtless the better part of its lifetime to wonder what kind of trap it had taken.

What kind of trap it is likely to take—in the literal sense of how far it is likely to range through the Arctic—is the No. 1 question scientists and sportsmen hope the tagging program will answer.

"The evidence so far," says Jack Lemter, "seems to suggest that there are several races of polar bears. We don't know how discrete they are, or how many races there may be, but recent research points in that direction rather than to there being one big circumpolar population."

Studies of blood serum from 70 bears taken off Alaska and 70 bears taken off Norway last year revealed differences between the two blood groups that suggest separate races of bears in these two areas. The study is being repeated on a larger scale this year using blood serum from bears taken off Canada as well.

A Canadian study suggests the possibility of a separate race of bears in the Chukchi Sea. In this project a comparison of relative skull sizes of polar bears around the Arctic indicates a pattern of progressively increasing measurements from Spitsbergen to Greenland to Canada to Point Barrow with a decided jump in skull dimensions of bears taken from the Chukchi Sea. This year Russia has joined Canada in an even more comprehensive skull study.

If these and other studies currently under way in the Arctic prove, as they now suggest, that there are indeed several different races of more or less nationally oriented polar bears on the top of the world, then responsibility for their respective management rests clearly with the individual countries involved. And if, as Jack Lemter believes and Alaska game department studies indicate, polar bear populations in Alaska are neither in danger nor threatened at the present

time, but are both large enough and healthy enough to justify controlled harvest of their surpluses, there is nothing to be gained, and possibly much to be lost, by prohibiting such harvest. The concept of conservation as it is understood and practiced at its most fruitful level in the U.S. implies wise use. Encouraging a surplus in any species is not wise use but waste. The real issue concerning the polar bear is not whether it should be hunted, but to what extent, by whom and in what manner.

The first consideration is a practical one. The level of harvest of a species is determined—and controlled—by game management policy that reflects all available data and research. The Alaska Arctic game department studies indicate that a maximum of between 350 to 400 polar bears can be shot each year without endangering the species. Alaska's game laws are so written to limit polar bear shooting to this level or less. Bears taken during the past 10 years have, in fact, averaged less than 250.

The questions of who should hunt these bears and by what methods are more complex. They have been further obscured by blanket public indictments of polar bear hunting, polar bear hunters and polar bear guides. The strongest condemnation, and certainly the greatest confusion, concerns the use of airplanes in hunting polar bears.

Airplane hunting is an Alaskan phenomenon that developed after World War II. Until that time virtually all polar bears killed in Alaska were taken by Eskimos who either hunted them with dog teams or happened upon them while out after other game. The postwar influx into the Alaska Arctic of dependable light aircraft changed that. In the last decade non-Eskimo hunters using airplanes have taken an average of just over 200 bears each year—or about 85% of Alaska's annual harvest. While this makes airplane hunting of major significance in Alaska, it does not necessarily follow that it is similarly significant elsewhere.

In Canada, which limits polar bear hunting to natives, Eskimos and Indians take some 600 polar bears each year.

Greenland residents take about 100 bears annually. In Norway, with an annual harvest of approximately 450 bears, 50% are taken by commercial sealers who consider the bear predatory, 40% are taken by trappers, and 10% are hunted for sport. Polar bears are protected in Russia, but about 25 are collected each year for zoos and museums, and another 25 or so hides are spirited out of the country by poachers. The annual worldwide harvest is about 1,500 bears.

When the 300 polar bears taken annually by airplane hunters are seen against this total figure, it becomes obvious that airplane hunting can be of only negligible influence on worldwide populations. And since the annual airplane harvest falls well within limits established by the Alaska game department, its influence on Alaska-orientated populations is clearly acceptable from game-management standards.

Airplane hunting may well be, in fact, the most ecologically sound of all methods now employed. The airplane hunter is the only person taking bears today on a selective basis. He is after a trophy and he consistently passes up smaller, younger bears, which are the most productive portion of any breeding stock, in favor of large, old bears, which generally are the least productive. The Eskimo, on the other hand, is likely to shoot the first bear he sees regardless of whether it is a sow, cub or immature male. Alaska records indicate that 70% of the bears taken by airplane hunters are mature males as compared with 50% females and young taken by Eskimos.

If the airplane hunter is neither endangering nor decimating polar bear populations but, rather, is operating within the framework of practical game-management principles, why then is he so violently condemned?

The answer is not hard to find. The actions of a few pseudo-sportsmen who actually have shot bears from the air have been taken as representative of all polar hunting. The fact that a polar bear hunt is fiercely expensive, and can be indulged in only by the well-to-do, has compounded the suspicion that the sport is a sort of bloody toy for the rich and decadent.

There is something deliciously immoral about anyone who spends \$5,000, the cost of an average hunt with transportation, to bring home a single rug.

Some people, of course, are simply opposed to all hunting by any method, but a surprising number, particularly among those acquainted with current polar bear research, have no objection to shooting surplus bears provided airplanes are not used. Few, it must be noted—including a majority of the most public critics—have ever actually hunted polar bear or, for that matter, know what really takes place on an airplane hunt. In order to find out—and to explore the alternatives to the airplane—I spent a good part of March and April hunting polar bear in Alaska.

From the beginning my interest in hunting Eskimo-style met with enthusiasm everywhere. Scientists and sportsmen alike encouraged the idea. The Alaska game department suggested the names of several possible Eskimo guides, and Jack Lentfer recommended that I hunt the area off Wainwright, about 170 miles down the coast from Barrow, where Eskimos had already taken 30 bears this year. In theory, setting up a hunt seemed simple. In reality, it proved almost as difficult as the hunt itself.

There may be Eskimos in Alaska with both the experience and equipment to guide professionally, but unfortunately I could not find them. Nor was I able to find any outfitters in the business of guiding overland hunts. Aside from being illegal, it would be lunacy for a non-resident to attempt to hunt polar bear without a guide. Obviously the alternative to airplane hunting in Alaska at the present time, at least in terms of hunting by other established, available means, is not to hunt at all.

Fortunately, I was offered one other alternative, thanks to the unexpected assistance of the Arctic Research Laboratory at Barrow. ARL is the center and single most important source of all research in the Arctic. The British Trans-Arctic Expedition left from there in March, T-3, a scientific station based on Fletcher's Ice Island, a five-mile-long iceberg floating some 700 miles out in

the polar cap, is manned and supplied from there; since its establishment in 1947, more than 30 U.S. and foreign agencies, more than 60 colleges, universities and research institutions and some 1,000 individuals have used its facilities in studying the Arctic environment. Yet ARL conducts no actual research itself. Its sole purpose is to assist approved scientific inquiries in the Arctic.

Such assistance assumes many forms—from providing parkas and bunny boots to itinerant scientists to playing substitute mother to two polar bear cubs, which has been the between-flights' task of ARL Pilot Dick Dickerson for the past two years. The polar bear tagging and research programs have used ARL facilities. Flyger and Schein did their initial work from there. Messel, Lentfer and various members of the Alaska game department all based there this spring.

ARL's multifaceted operations are directed by Dr. Max Brewer, a lanky, laconic, redhaired geologist-geophysicist. Brewer originally took the director's job for one year. That was in 1956. In the dozen years since, he married the U.S. Public Health nurse stationed in the village of Barrow, four miles away, produced five children and guided ARL through its period of greatest growth. Although ARL is supported by funds from the U.S. Office of Naval Research and administered by the University of Alaska, Brewer's Quonset community at the top of the world is basically autonomous, and Brewer is boss.

Dr. Brewer had okayed unofficial accommodations for me at ARL to facilitate my going along on the bear-tagging expeditions. In subsequent conversations he became as fascinated as I about hunting polar bears overland. When he learned of my failure to locate an outfitter he generously agreed to equip and supply an overland expedition on the merits of the information it might produce about the potential of this kind of hunting.

With the major problem of outfitting solved, the lesser one of finding guides in Wainwright was entrusted to Bobby



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BEAR FACTS continued

Fischer, who flew there on a twice-weekly mail run, the village's only contact with the outside. Bobby agreed to line up two local guides with sleds and good dog teams on his Saturday flight and to fly me in on the next one.

Wainwright is little more than a few dozen huts huddled together on the edge of the Arctic shore. Its streets in winter and spring are paths through shoulder-high drifts of snow, and until recently, when the first snowmobiles appeared, there was not a single mechanized vehicle in the village.

We set up camp about 40 miles north of Wainwright, at the edge of the sea ice. There were four of us: Homer and Barry Bodfish, Beniy Ahmookak and me. We all crowded into a tent about 14' x 8' with headroom at the center barely high enough for us to stand. With the heat from two Coleman cookstoves added to that many bodies, we almost suffocated. But at night, with an airhole opened for ventilation and the stoves off, the temperature inside was not much higher than outside.

In the next few days we hunted to the north, driving the dogs along the edge of the pack ice, jockeying the big, heavy sleds up over mountainous pressure ridges, around slabs of ice the size of small houses, past frozen leads and cones that were open. Periodically we climbed, hand over hand like Alpinists, to the tops of frozen towers, scanning the snowy seascape beyond. But in all our wanderings we saw no sign of bear. On the fourth morning it seemed clear that we were not headed for a rewarding hunt. We packed up camp and headed back to Wainwright.

There, with the help of Judy and Larry Fisher, two young teachers who run the 86-student BIA school, we located two other guides: Andrew Ekak, who had taken seven polar bears since fall, and Billy Nashoolook, who had taken three. Both men relied upon hunting for their living and were eager and energetic. Using snowmobiles instead of dogs to pull our sleds, we hunted south, covering twice the distances in the next few days that we had been able to cover with dogs.

But we saw no bears. The abundance of seals in the area, the condition of the ice and the determination of the guides were all in our favor. Time was not. In the limited range we could cover by sled in three or four days, to encounter a bear would have been pure luck. With three or four weeks to hunt, taking a bear this way might have been possible. Good guides like Andrew and Billy could be trained and equipped. Semipermanent camps in prospected hunting areas favorable to bears could be set up in advance. Clients could then be deposited by plane without the delays of transporting supplies and setting up camp. At Arctic prices, the cost of a month's overland hunt would run higher than an airplane hunt and the physical demands of such a hunt would be a further limitation.

The bear I shot, finally, was located by airplane, and there was nothing easy about the hunt. It was the eighth day of waiting out weather reports and watching socked-in skies, and the third day we were actually able to fly. We had seen a number of bears by then and hundreds of tracks, but we had not seen a trophy.

My guide, Bill Ellis of Nabesna, Alaska, and I were in one plane. Ralph Marshall, also a registered Arctic guide, flew cover in another. We followed the tracks of this bear for miles, losing them on hard-packed snow, picking them up again, watching them disappear at the edge of a lead, circling endlessly until finally we found them again. When, suddenly, we finally spotted the bear, it was as its tracks had promised—a trophy.

The bear paid no attention to the plane but continued on its steady course, moving up and down over yard-high hummocks of ice as if they were not there. We marked the direction in which the bear was traveling, then flew beyond it about two miles and landed on a frozen lead. The propellers were still spinning as we jumped from the plane. Bill started off at a jog. I puffed along behind. We came to a pressure ridge and the scrambled up and over it with almost the agility of a polar bear. We covered a good half mile before he slowed.

"If he's still on course," Bill said, "he should come right through here."

We climbed onto a ridge and crouched behind an outcropping for cover. I supported my rifle on a block of snow and looked through the scope across to the next pressure ridge some 500 yards away. I was in perfect position.

"There he is," Bill whispered. "Don't move. He just came through that break in the ridge. He's headed this way." He was coming directly toward us. Then he stopped abruptly and turning at right angles to his course, he trotted away.

"Come on," Bill said, leaping down off the crag and running back toward the plane. "We'll try to head him off again."

We stalked the bear three more times, landing each time in shorter, narrower, rougher openings, racing over the ice and snow like people possessed. Twice we saw the bear again and were scented by it before we could get in range. It was traveling at a steady trot now, its movements remarkably similar in grace to a big, heavily muscled cat.

We knew on the fourth landing, this one the most treacherous of all, that this stalk would be our last. The bear was headed directly toward an open lead. If it reached thin ice before we intersected its course, it would be gone. We ran for the nearest ridge, unmindful of the footing and the chasms and crevasses that our steps were opening. Suddenly Bill threw himself flat and I fell almost on top of him.

"There! There!" he said. "Bear just crossed that ridge." Bill was on his feet again, climbing a crag. I had not seen the bear.

"He's in that rough stuff," Bill said, pointing straight ahead. Still I could see nothing but ice. "There he is! There he is! Just behind that big mound." I saw something move, a patch of cream against the snow and ice.

"Shoot," Bill said. "It's turning again. You won't get another chance."

It was the worst kind of shot—off-hand, too far, a moving target, poor visibility. I put the scope on the patch of white and fired. The bear dropped behind the ice, out of sight. I had hit it

continued

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BEAR FACTS *continued*

but I could not be sure where. In a blur of white the bear scaled a ridge, galloping toward the water beyond. I fired twice, missing both times, then slid down the crag and scrambled to the next rise. There was one shell left in my chamber. I steadied the rifle against the ridge and fired. The bear slid to a stop less than 200 yards from the young ice.

Exactly two and a half hours had passed from the time we first saw the bear until it was finally down. More than two hours of that time had been spent stalking it on foot. In reaching its range and spotting the bear, the airplane had played no more important role than jeeps and motors and horses often play in reaching and finding other game.

The airplane is the vehicle of the Arctic, just as the Land Rover is the vehicle of Africa. It can be used under completely sporting conditions or it can be abused, just as the Land Rover can be. How it is used depends upon the guides themselves and upon the hunters they take out. Some have certainly abused their responsibility.

Airplane hunters do not machine-gun bears from planes, as some critics claim, but bears *have* been chased to exhaustion by airplanes, they *have* been herded to hunters by planes, their meat has been wasted by being left on the ice; pilots flying out of Point Hope and Kotzebue, only 50 miles across the Bering Strait to Russia, *have* violated Soviet airspace. But these are exceptional cases.

For every guide who has flaunted the law there are a dozen who not only have followed it meticulously but have pushed for even stricter regulation. The guides have provided the chief field support of the game department in its bear survey — carefully transporting blood samples inside their parkas from every bear they take, collecting reproductive organs, checking stomach contents, convincing clients that they should donate a skull or at least a tooth to the study.

The majority of Arctic guides are as solidly on the side of the polar bear as the scientists now studying it. Certainly with guides, sportsmen and scientists all working together, the future of the polar bear is assured.

END

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by DICK RUSSELL

NATIONAL LEAGUE

ST. LOUIS (6-2) was in a league of its own. "Everybody has a chance for second place except the Cardinals," conceded Pirate General Manager Joe Brown, while St. Louis broadcaster Harry Carey started echoing the magic number with 67 games left to play, and the Cards calmly stretched their lead to 12½ games. Everything worked. Lou Brock, given a brief rest, pinch-hit for Orlando Cepeda in one game and singled to spark a ninth-inning rally. But the main heroes were provided by Mike Shannon (.375 and seven RBIs) and Bob Gibson, who fired his 8th shutout in his last 10 starts. Shutouts remained rare for CINCINNATI (3-2), which hasn't even had a complete game since June 29, but the Reds hit .280 and moved to third as Pete Rose returned to the lineup after a long injury layoff. "I've never lost a game on my birthday," charged Leo Du-rocher after CHICAGO (5-2) celebrated his 62nd with a 13-strikeout victory from Ferguson Jenkins. Cub pitchers gave up less than two runs per game as Ken Holtzman hurled two shutouts. NEW YORK'S (4-3) Jerry Koosman fanned the Reds' John Bench three times in a direct confrontation of the league's top rookies. Koosman, posting his 14th victory and sixth shutout, claimed Bench hit .600 against him in the International League last year. After doctors in Los Angeles had diagnosed his knee problem as arthritis, SAN FRANCISCO'S (3-3) Willie McCovey flew back just in time for a night game at Candlestick Park and belted a game-winning homer. Don Wilson, informed five years ago that he didn't throw hard enough to make the majors, was inviting comparisons with Sandy Koufax after his three-hit effort moved HOUSTON (3-3) closer to ninth place. Dave Gustin claimed

his first victory since May 22 and the Astros advanced on LOS ANGELES (2-5), which batted .192 and was blanked three times. PHILADELPHIA (2-6) also had reason to moan. The Phils apparently had a 4-2 victory when Catcher Clay Dalrymple made like Mickey Owen and dropped a two-out ninth-inning third strike against the Braves. ATLANTA (4-4) rallied to win on Henry Aaron's homer, but often had trouble keeping up with its Johnsons. Utility infielder Bob Johnson stopped a five-game losing streak with a 10th-inning single, and Deron Johnson's double provided the Braves' first extra base hit in 31 innings, but the team dropped further behind the Cards. With Bob Clemente, Bill Mazeroski and Gene Alley still nursing injuries, PITTSBURGH (2-4) gained little solace from reactivated vet Bill Virdon's pinch HR.

Standings: NL: 62-38: SF 54-48: Cy 45-52: NY 51-52: CH 52-51: PHA 48-51: ST 49-55: PIT 47-53: LA 45-57: W 44-58

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Charles Finley came up with a new noise-maker for his OAKLAND (5-1) kiddie corps and, indeed, the A's were something to make noise about. The latest Finley gadget—a train bell in center field which is to be rung loudly for homers and mildly for extra base hits—received a surprising Sunday workout from Pacher Jim Nash, who belted a fifth-inning homer and won his second game of the week. The A's surged two notches to fifth as Sal Bando and league batting leader Rick Monday both hit .428. BOSTON (3-2) veterans were lauding a game-ending catch by Reggie Smith as the greatest ever after the Red Sox center fielder "dressed over the fence at my waist" and reached four feet into the Red Sox bullpen to save a home run. Slumping Ken Hershorn cheered

the Sox, too, clouting a winning homer after an 0-for-9 slug. Denny McLain became the first pitcher in 37 years to win 20 games before August and DETROIT (4-2) took two of three games from second-place BALTIMORE (3-3). While the Orioles searched for a slogan to inspire their club, Dave McNally salvaged the Tiger series with a three-hitter (see page 12). CHICAGO (3-3) scored just seven runs, batted .180 and lost Manager Al Lopez for a month to an appendicitis attack. But stout relief work from Hoyt Wilhelm—who passed Cy Young's record and had appeared in 909 games by the end of the week—and Wilbur Wood contributed to a series sweep over CALIFORNIA (2-5). Only Aurelio Rodriguez (.500 BA), third-base replacement for the injured Paul Schaal, was producing for the Angels, who fell to eighth place. NEW YORK (3-3) got three homers from Tom Tresh, one a grand-slammer that beat the Indians, and complete-game wins from Stan Bahnsen and Mel Stottlemyre before dropping the last two games to CLEVELAND (3-4). The Indians still could not find runs for Sam McDowell. They have scored two or less in 16 of his 22 starts, and McDowell suffered his ninth defeat despite a 1.73 ERA. Errors continued to plague MINNESOTA (3-4). Although the Twins whacked 43 hits during one three-game span, Rob Allison booted one game with a throwing error and three more miscues proved disastrous in another. WASHINGTON (2-4) remained nine games deep in the cellar, but Dennis Higgins did preserve a rare victory with 3½ hitless innings in relief, and Ken McMullen and sub Hank Allen batted the Senators to another win.

Standings: AL: 52-43: CH 52-43: NY 48-50: SF 48-50: ST 48-52: PH 47-53: W 43-54: W 43-52

HIGHLIGHT

Unless Montreal's new National League franchise can find replacements for two former backers, sign a stadium lease and make a down payment to the league by August 15, the team may shift abruptly to Milwaukee or Buffalo. Luckily for baseball, the other three expansion clubs are alive and progressing in Kansas City, Seattle and San Diego. The neophytes, slated to begin operations next year under six-team divisional setups, are currently hustling for talent and basking about such familiar managerial possibilities as Hank Bauer, Joe Adcock and Gene Mauch. One rumor even has \$100,000 Dodger ace Don Drysdale heading for San Diego as a \$20,000 pitching coach, and teaming with Buzzie Bavasi, who defected to baseball's fifth West Coast entry as co-owner in May. The NL team didn't look far for

its nickname (Padres), general manager (Eddie Leubman) or possible field manager (Preston Gomez). All have been associated with the city's minor league club. The American League newcomers are paying less for the privilege—by some \$5 million—and enjoying quicker success than their later NL counterparts. The Kansas City Royals, who selected 56 players in the free-agent draft, already have three minor league affiliates, a \$3 million radio-TV pact and spring-training facilities. Cedric Talib, an Angels' exec since that club began, moved to the Royals and set up elaborate personnel and scouting systems. Another former Angel, Marvin Miller, a general manager of the Seattle Pilots, which have signed all 30 of their draft selections and anxiously await mid-October, when all four teams will pay outrageous prices to pluck 30 players apiece from the major league's expansion draft.



DRYSDALE: TO JOIN BUSTZIE?

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THEORIES AND MEMORIES

Sirs:

I don't usually find many profound theories on the pages of sports magazines worth commenting on, but an exception must be made in reference to your recent series of articles on Ted Williams (*Homing War Mr. Life*, June 10 *et seq*). There has never been a more detailed dissertation on hitting a baseball. The word "artistic" has often been abused, and has consequently suffered, however, in this instance, Ted Williams and John Underwood have proved beyond a doubt that hitting a baseball is indeed an art.

Ironically, the week that followed your final article saw the American League without a 300 hitter. There's something absurd about presenting a silver bat, symbolic of excellence, to a 280 hitter at the season's conclusion. Hopefully this can be averted if the theories of the Game's Greatest Hitter can be applied.

JEROME X. FLAHERTY

New York City

Sirs:

The series on Ted Williams took me home again to a boyhood in New England—a boyhood in which kids fought for the right to wear No. 9 on their uniforms. It was mowing the lawn or running errands only during the second, fourth and sixth innings of Red Sox games. It was rushing to a radio or TV set when Ted was at bat. It was going to Fenway Park early to watch him take batting practice and staying after the game hoping to see him as he drove away. It was a boyhood in which we didn't sneak cigarettes, because Ted didn't smoke.

Thanks to Ted Williams for a great boyhood, and thanks to SI for letting many of us go home again.

R. G. COLEMAN

Chapel Hill, N.C.

TACKLING TROUT

Sirs:

I just read Duncan Barnes's article on Richard O'Connor (*A One-Fly Angler Who Always Travels Light*, July 15). I am a professional football player with the Green Bay Packers and have tried my hand at a great many sports. Fly-fishing is one that I have always wanted to try but never had the opportunity to do so.

If Mr. O'Connor has the time I would appreciate any advice on rod, line, flies, etc. that I should buy, since I intend to tackle this sport next spring. In short, any help he can pass on would indeed be appreciated. And if he ever wants to take up my sport I'll be glad to give him some tips.

JERRY KRAMER

Green Bay, Wis.

THE BLACK ATHLETE (CONT.)

Sirs:

Your moving articles on *The Black Athlete* (July 1, *et seq*) have a poignancy that goes deep for anyone connected even in the remotest way to sports.

My own link is as an English instructor at UT-El Paso, where I have had in my classes this past year seven of the 11 track athletes who lost their scholarships because they refused to participate at a track meet held at Brigham Young University on the Saturday before Easter.

You have told their story well, with this exception: these boys were hoping to be reinstated on the team for the fall semester 1968.

Dr. John West, whom you quote in the third part of the series, arranged a conference between the athletes and the athletic director the week after the BYU incident. It was Dr. West's understanding and that of the athletes that their chance for reinstatement was very bright. However, on the last day of school, just before their departure from campus, the young men were informed by the track coach that they would not have their scholarships renewed.

As a result, a number of us started the Dissociated Students Fund. Our goal is to raise \$4,000 for the students' tuition for 1968-1969 and to provide board and room in private homes. We feel there is a moral obligation to allow these young men to finish their education. They were, after all, protesting unfair conditions in the only way they could. Most of the fellows unfortunately are indigent and can get no help from their respective homes. Though all are working this summer, they must live on their salaries and cannot possibly save the amount necessary for tuition.

It has been my experience that most of these young men can succeed in college with a little care, a little interest on the part of the professor. Bob Beamon, for example, is as fine a young man as one could meet anywhere. He came to my office for help in English, from me or from my able student assistant, several times a week for the entire academic year. This action was voluntary on his part: he was handicapped by a weak background in English, and he wanted to learn. He has done so. His own sensitivity comes through in his writing as proved by his poem, which you quote in Part 3 of your series.

Bob and other boys who no longer have track scholarships do need help. We of the Dissociated Students Fund have worked hard at collecting money. But at this date we have only \$300. I am off campus for the remainder of the summer, but Dr. Edward Leonard of the Political Science Department will take contributions, or one can contrib-

ute directly to the Dissociated Students Fund, P.O. Box 101, UT-El Paso, El Paso, Texas 79999.

PAULINE KIRKA

Instructor, English Department

El Paso

Sirs:

I have an idea for a system that might improve the Negro athlete's plight.

I. Arrival on Campus

A. Meeting with Guidance Counselor

1) Laying out of tentative four-year program

a) Program in writing with duplicate filed with office of guidance counselor

b) All requisite courses *understood* to student knows they are required

B. Student assigned to Freshman Program on Fresh Problems, more likely Negro Guarantee in Student-to-Student or Man-to-Man program. Here he learns how to seek help.

II. Classes

A. The student who feels the need to have notes explained, etc. should have someone to study with for each subject.

1) This should be a person in his class.

2) This means an already organized group of tutorial or reading students (and what a great opportunity to put the deserviced to work on a problem they can solve).

3) The teacher in charge of the class should have a list of those in each class willing to participate, and these students should be given a title more apt than Reader.

4) Each Reader studies with a student, one-to-one.

5) Athletes will say there is not time, but if there's time for lonely card-playing, there is time for this student-to-student relationship.

III. Each day's work will consist of

1) Revising and making more understandable the day's notes.

2) Reading pages of the next assignment, each to the other.

And why wouldn't a similar student-to-student program work in high schools?

JANET M. FAIRER

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

A Mike Garrett can't cut it in an all Jewish fraternity at USC. How come Rafer Johnson could and become student body prey to boot—at UCLA?

A Junior Coffey gets the word not to date white coeds. Is this any worse than a low-income white kid being "asked" to stop dating the millionaire's daughter?

SEAN JACKSON

Missoula

continued

Sirs:

The Black Athlete presents a limited, subjective viewpoint. Like the angry young men it portrays it is a dubious asset to the cause of racial equality. Blacks often enjoy a marked advantage over whites in athletics. They are well-liked, sought after and deferred to because they are few in number, talented and somewhat different. But running the 100 in 9.1 does not qualify one for an executive position or earn one the plaudits of men—except at the track. Boycotting the Olympics for the benefit of blacks suggests children leading other children—backward.

BOB BOHRM

Eagle River, Alaska

Sirs:

After reading four parts of *The Black Athlete* it has become very repetitious. I can't decide whether this Mr. Olsen is a sports-writer or a civil rights leader.

J. P. BONET, M.D.

Chicago

Sirs:

Not only have you shut down the absurd and dangerous notion that sports got rid of prejudice, but your able series reveals with startling clarity the savage racism throughout our society.

You move us to do something about it. As a lawyer—though not a black one—I can do little in sports. But I can start to organize lawyers and judges to eliminate the blatant injustices that are the result of racism in the law—exact counterparts of the vicious manifestations you have shown us in the world of sports.

BENJAMIN DREYFUS

Mell Valley, Calif.

Sirs:

After reading two parts of Jack Olsen's story I, a black American, must sound off. As a writer and a "liberal white man," he probably thought he did a great thing by exposing the uncomfortable, unfair and often miserable life of Negro athletes. Yet *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* with its "liberal mind" dares to print quotes so, "To the average Negro, perched way across there on the other side of the gulf, money is another country," and "Negro students arrive on campus talking another tongue, they cannot have a feel for the white man's English because they seldom heard it spoken."

I and thousands of Negroes understand English and speak it. How else could I read your article and write this letter?

You are the ignorant ones, along with many other whites who are brainwashed into thinking that you are the master race, not us underprivileged Negroes.

SANDRA COLSTON

Racine, Wis.

Sirs:

The moral of your *Black Athlete* series is an indictment of the educational processes in all parts of the country. Regardless of their athletic abilities, the great majority should never have gotten into, much less out of, high school. And the sports media has contributed to the condition you cite, too.

As for the part on the Kansas football team banquet and Don Shanklin's thoughts on the true history of Dixie, as repugnant as slavery is, Shanklin and the rest should be damn glad their ancestors were brought over as slaves. Otherwise, instead of suffering through football at Kansas and other indignities they could be enjoying life in Biafra, Nigeria, the Congo or some other equally progressive, dignified African location. And, while they may not admit this publicly, deep down they know it.

FRED R. DAVIS

San Antonio

Sirs:

The black athletes have contributed much to the American sports world, and I am sure they will continue to do so with greater success in the future, because the public likes class and will pay to see it regardless of its color.

How hollow is the victory in the sports world when the best do not participate. Let us not have synthetic sports because of racism.

A. C. ALLEN

Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

In Part 3 Dave Latta—Negro—was quoted as saying, "On the court you're groovy people, but off the court you're animals. Even the Mexicans look down on you." One wonders what prompts a person so obviously concerned with attaining interracial equality to say, "Even the Mexicans . . ."

Prejudice works two ways.

PAUL HERBERT

Mountain View, Calif.

Sirs:

I am a marine serving in Vietnam, and I just finished reading Part 1 of Jack Olsen's article. Out here, where it counts, a man is a man and treated equally as long as he does his job—no matter what color his skin is. I have even seen a Southern boy stand up and fight another who called his friend a "nigger." But still, as Mr. Olsen points out, men on both sides discriminate against one another. Didn't we fight World War II because a certain people claimed to be superior to others? Isn't that exactly what we do everytime we call a Negro "nigger" or any other such name?

Many of the men who die over here for freedom never knew freedom. True

equality will never be had until the peoples of two different races can deal with thoughts in their minds concerning how much of a man that person is and not what color he is.

SEBASTIAN R. T. WILKINSON, USMC
FPO San Francisco

Sirs:

Such a complex problem cannot be resolved by a simple solution. The hiring of Negro coaches, which has been done in some schools, may help, inasmuch as it indicates good faith. Yet, more important than changes in the coaches' color are new purposes, insights and attitudes. Until the Negro student-athlete is regarded and treated as a normal human being with the needs, desires and aspirations similar to those of his fellow teammates, the shameful story will continue.

Also, although many coaches believe that their job is to win, yet somehow they must be made to realize that their first goal should be to help students—black and white—develop their potentialities. The tragedy is that many colleges and universities have been developing athletic talent at the expense of character and educational achievement. It is truly time for a change.

EDWARD L. JACKSON

Chairman,
National Athletic Steering Committee
Tuskegee Institute, Ala.

Sirs:

Since stacking and quotas deprive superior black athletes of the representation on pro and college teams that their abilities demand, why doesn't some smart entrepreneur—white or black—form an all-black pro team? It would 1) adjust the disproportion which the black athlete says exists, 2) offer economic opportunity to more deserving black athletes and 3) provide further self-identity to American Negro sports fans. But, then, someone might yell segregation.

DON BROCKWAY

Hawthorne, Calif.

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's excellent and revealing series should be must reading for every executive in major league baseball today. I especially recommend it to Commissioner Eicker's office, where black faces on a top brass level are still nowhere to be seen.

Isn't it time for the commissioner to hire an ex-ballplayer on the same level that Buddy Young occupies in the National Football League, if only to provide an example for the 20 clubs to follow in the future hiring of managers, coaches, scouts, publicity men, road secretaries, ticket officials, etc.?

RAY ROBINSON

Articles Editor, *Good Housekeeping*
New York City

YESTERDAY

When All Goldfield Was Aglitter

A sign along Highway 95 in Goldfield, Nev., warns motorists to slow down to 25 mph. One can't help wondering why. In Goldfield today the wind cries past lifeless buildings. A sign on a grocery store sways on a rusted rod, creating the sound effect always heard in westerns when the cowboy rides apprehensively into the ghost town. The street is empty, except for a tan black dog moving slowly against the wind. The dog stops in front of the vacant four-story, brick Goldfield Hotel. He raises his front paws to a window ledge and peers through the dusty glass at the dining room, where cloths and napkins are still on the tables and the glassware is in place as if awaiting the dinner-hour crowd.

Goldfield is not quite a ghost town yet; it is still the county seat of Esmeralda County, and inside its impressive greenish-yellow courthouse a few functionaries of government labor at their desks. But the high-ceilinged corridors are as empty as the town's streets, and there are no prisoners in the steel-barred, three-tiered jail. Without the courthouse and its occupants, Goldfield would be left to the wind, the winter snows and the burning sun of summer. And then there would be no one to see and admire the handsome bronze plaque alongside the courthouse—a plaque decorated with two boxing gloves and calling attention to the fact that Goldfield was the site of a famed prizefight that took place in 1906 and lasted for 42 rounds.

Goldfield was less than three years old then. It had been called Grandpa in 1902 when Billy Marsh and Harry Stumler staked the first gold claim on the barren hillside. But when jewelry rock ran \$50 to \$75 a pound the rush was on, and the boomtown of Goldfield was born. Miners flocked to the new bonanza, and with them came bright opportunists to provide ways of disposing of their gold. One of these was a young fellow named Tex Rickard, fresh out of Seattle and the Alaska gold camps. Tex soon made himself president of the Goldfield Athletic Club, a profitable saloon and gambling house that was to make Goldfield, for a brief hour, the sporting capital of the world. The occasion was a fight for the lightweight championship of the world, between the Negro titleholder Joe Gans and a Quianish challenger named Battling Nelson.

Three weeks before the fight on Sep-

tember 3 both fighters and their entourages moved into town to set up training camps, and the transcontinental telegraph lines began to crackle with the static of their preflight bickerings. Because of some shady dealings in the past, rumors were rife that Gans had been offered \$25,000 to take a dive, but he denied it indignantly. "Six months ago," he told the newsmen, "I gave my word to Mr. Eddie Graney [one of his advisers] that I would never fight another crooked fight. I wish people would give me a little credit for honest intentions this time."

Despite the persistent stories of the fix, Gans was the betting favorite. John L. Sullivan picked him to win in eight rounds. Bob Fitzsimmons told friends at the Metropole in New York that Gans was a sure winner.

By fight day everybody in America knew about Goldfield, the fabulous mining camp where \$7 million had been taken from a dozen mines in less than three years. Celebrities flocked into town for the fight, including Broadway showgirl Nan Paterson, just out of jail for shooting Caesar Young. Oresed, as the words of one news writer, "beyond appreciation in the best finery in the land," she strolled the dusty mining-camp streets, her face shaded by a hat of ostrich plumes.

At fight time there were 8,000 fans, 200 of them women, seated in the Goldfield arena, breathing the clear, dry air under the hot sun. In every major city throngs stood outside newspaper offices waiting for the round-by-round bulletins to be posted. The first bulletin announced that Gans had weighed in at 131½ pounds, Nelson at 133.

For the first 15 rounds the pace was fast, Gans, the veteran, the dancing master, moved in and out quick as a flash,

piling up points. Slim and graceful, he had the longer reach; but Nelson, younger and aggressive, delivered bone-crushing thrusts as he swept like a squat tornado toward the Baltimore Negro.

One of Nelson's favorite tricks was to get in a clinch and send a low blow to his opponent's groin. This began to annoy the remarkably orderly fight crowd, and the Negro became more and more the favorite. One of Gans's punches knocked Nelson through the ropes. Gans picked up his opponent and helped him back into the ring. As Gans stood with hands down waiting for Nelson to steady himself, the Dane unleashed a vicious blow to Gans's stomach. The crowd hushed.

In the 33rd round Gans landed a hard right-hand blow on the side of Nelson's face. A bone in the hand snapped and Gans stepped back with an expression of pain, but since the pain caused him to limp about as if he had stepped on his foot, no one, including Nelson, realized that Gans's hand was broken and useless. By that time, however, Nelson was in no great shape himself. Eight rounds later the two fighters were in the usual clinch when Nelson drew back his right hand and hit Gans a solid blow in the crotch. For once the referee noticed. Gans sank to his knees, rolled over on his back and the ref awarded the fight to him on a foul. The crowd cheered.

Commenting on the decision, an Associated Press reporter wrote: "Nelson is probably the most unpopular man that ever visited Goldfield. There is not a dissenting voice over the decision."

When Tex Rickard and his associates finished counting the receipts they found that the \$90,000 gate had topped all other contests in ring history. The previous high had been the \$70,000 paid through the ticket windows for the Jeffries-Sharkey fight at Coney Island in 1899.

Goldfield, the most exciting mining camp in the history of the West, went back to digging gold. The population swelled to 30,000 and a mining production of \$11 million in 1910. Then the mines petered out. Fires claimed most of the town. All that is left now is the courthouse, the empty Goldfield Hotel, a scattering of weary frame buildings and that shunning monument that proudly tells the few who stop for a moment on Highway 95 that here was the site of a famed prizefight.

—BERNE S. JACOBSEN



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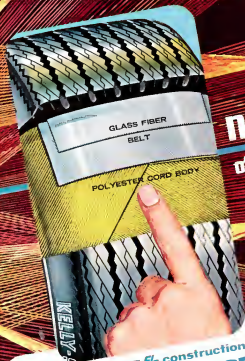
- ☐ Faint? ☐ Call the cops?
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AMERICA'S

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